

The Saturday Review

No. 2238, Vol. 86.

17 September, 1898.

Price 6d.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE		PAGE		PAGE
SUPPLEMENT:		SPECIAL ARTICLES (continued):		CORRESPONDENCE (continued):	
English Grammar and Composition	362	Stéphane Mallarmé. By Edmund Gosse	372	"The Fall of Wolseley." By A. Civilian	383
Physics	362	The Landrail. By H. A. Bryden	373	Dog-muzzling. By R. Webb and Charles Beavis	383
Chemical Science	363	MISCELLANEOUS ARTICLES:		The Battle of Omdurman. By B. C. S.	383
Natural Science	363	Mr. George Bancroft as Casabianca. By Max	374	Did the Cat put down Garotting? By Garotter	383
Some French Books	363	The Shark Scare	375	Major M. Hume and Mr. Serrell. By Martin A. S. Hume	383
NOTES.	365	The Habitual Tramp. By H.	376	REVIEWS:	
LEADING ARTICLES:		MONEY MATTERS	377	Mr. Wilfrid Blunt's Poems	384
Empress and Anarchist	368	Answers to Correspondents	380	Sirdar and Khalifa	385
The French at Fashoda	369	CORRESPONDENCE:		The Polish Robbery	385
The Next War in the Light of Omdurman	369	An Indignant Catholic. By A Believer in Certain Miracles, A Member of the Old Anglican Church, An Old Reader, F. A. Alcock, and H. B. Proctor	380	Telegraphy without Wires	386
POETRY:				Cuba	386
Ireland, Ireland. By Henry Newbolt	370			Fiction	387
SPECIAL ARTICLES:					
The True Shakespeare.—IX. By Frank Harris	370				

NOTES.

ONCE more the Sultan has overreached himself. The story of the Cretan crisis forms a typical record of Turkish duplicity and cunning. The first news reported serious disturbances at Candia. The Mohammedans had held a demonstration to express dissatisfaction with the policy of the Admirals. The installation of officials of the autonomous Christian administration in the tithe office took place later on the same day. The building in which the ceremony was conducted was guarded by the British occupying force, which was compelled to fire upon a large crowd of Mohammedans who persisted in attempting to force their way in. This was the signal for a general outbreak. Arms were hastily fetched, and many of our men were killed or wounded in the ensuing conflict. The Mohammedans then proceeded to the Christian quarter of the town, where they massacred the inhabitants and set fire to their houses. The British Vice-Consul was burnt to death in his residence, and one of our gunboats, which was lying in the bay, commenced to shell the town. But the important fact was the behaviour of the Turkish troops, who not only refused to aid the British, but were even seen to fire upon them.

Strong representations were at once made by the Admirals to their several Governments. The disgraceful conduct of the Turkish troops, and the indifference displayed by Edhem Pasha, who declared his inability to control the mob, were urged as necessitating their instant and unqualified withdrawal from the island. The result of this appeal was that Admiral Noel handed an ultimatum to Edhem Pasha on Tuesday last, demanding that the ringleaders of the outbreak should be delivered up and threatening extreme measures on the part of the Admirals. In the meantime the Sultan issued two circulars, alleging in the first that the British provoked the disorders in Candia, and in the second refusing to withdraw his troops. The whole business has been directed against the British. The outrages were encouraged and assisted by the Turks, and it is significant that the latter fired upon the British alone. The Sultan wished once more to test the stability of the European Concert. Recent developments have led him to suppose that there may be a rift. But now that he has had a decisive answer in the negative he is climbing down again, though with the usual accompaniments of Turkish insolence and procrastination.

Little fresh light has been thrown upon the Dreyfus affair during the past week. General Zurlinden has persisted in his determination to resign, and the President is said to be against revision, so anxious is he that the villainy of his former colleague, General Mercier, shall not be exposed. The more the inner workings of this horrible business are revealed, the more plain does it become

that large national interests have been placed in the foreground to the entire seclusion of the prisoner's personal claims to be retried. The constant reiteration on the part of Germany that she has had no dealings with Dreyfus must have convinced every sensible observer that this is really the case. France is already on the worst possible terms with her German neighbour, and no revelations as to military espionage would make the relationship more strained than it is. It is only a rupture with her closest friend and ally that France has to fear; and it must be lamentably plain to every one that Dreyfus—innocent or guilty—is being sacrificed in order to save the country from the greatest disaster which could befall it, namely, an open rupture with Russia.

The world is now in possession of the diary kept by Dr. Busch during twenty-five years' official and private intercourse with Bismarck. The three handsome volumes issued by Macmillan are remarkable for containing many of those inconvenient truths which in other countries besides England are generally suppressed. It is no panegyric which Dr. Busch has pronounced upon his hero, but a straightforward account of the Chancellor's doings and sayings from which even those things that might give offence have not been eliminated. The diplomatists, in particular, have not been spared; and the author himself declares that they will find his book a mirror. The real value of the work lies in the fact that Dr. Busch made it his almost invariable practice to write down his conversations with the Chancellor within an hour of their having taken place. By this method he has been able to give the world in most instances Bismarck's views stated in his own words; and in all cases we are assured that there is not a single political opinion expressed throughout the book which has not issued straight from the Chancellor's lips. But Dr. Busch's crowning achievement is his allusion to William the Witless. He remarks that Bismarck's latter-day expressions of anger arose from the consciousness that the "right of final decision on all occasions belonged by hereditary privilege to more or less mediocre and narrow minds." If Dr. Busch does not get three years' hard labour or imprisonment in a fortress for "Majestätsbeleidigung," we shall never believe in the institutions of the Fatherland again.

Lord Wolseley has issued an army order proclaiming his entire satisfaction with the manoeuvres. That the rank and file did admirably under very trying conditions need not be disputed. But it would require a very hardened sycophant to declare that the generalship was altogether skilful. If the special correspondents on the field were not guilty of gross misrepresentation, Lord Wolseley's verbal views were very different from his written views. His circular is part of the conspiracy of silence on behalf of the War Office. The

Commander-in-Chief has nothing to say on the subject of the hired-transport arrangements, which proved a miserable failure. Military manoeuvres are a sufficient sham without being reduced to mere farce by civilians who are a law unto themselves. As Major Rasch caustically puts it, even the War Office could hardly affirm that a "heterogeneous collection of nondescript rattletraps, casually horsed, with civilian drivers amenable to no discipline or orders, and dignified by the name of transport, would be available on service; and, if not, why try it at home?"

Military manoeuvres in China are quite as entertaining in their way as the mock battles on Salisbury Plain. The description of Chinese target practice by a correspondent of the "Times" beats anything that has ever been brought to light in the history of military achievement. The Chinese soldiers, according to his observation of the forces employed to put down the Kwang-si rebellion, are armed with weapons which he describes as lengths of gas-piping. The method employed in practising at the ranges is as follows:—The "gas-pipe" is held by one man across his back, while his feet are firmly planted in the ground in order to resist the recoil. A second operator then lights a spill of paper at a lamp in the guard-house; but we are not told where he gets his fire on emergencies. The paper is applied to the touch-hole, and the charge goes off haphazard in some direction, which is rarely the target. Then, as the "Times" correspondent humorously remarks, those among the crowd who have escaped being hit applaud loudly. Here is an exceptional opportunity for an enterprising firm of electricians. The Chinese might easily be persuaded that a far greater amount of execution could be accomplished by an electric-lighting apparatus, and that gas-pipes—even as weapons of war—are becoming obsolete.

There is a pathos about the reception accorded to the Tsar's peace proposals that makes one feel quite unhappy. Here is a great Sovereign, an autocrat who rules over three hundred millions of subjects, and who can put an army of three million soldiers in the field, coming forward with the stupendous proposition that Europe shall lay down her arms and unite in permanent brotherhood. With noble generosity he declares his intention of giving up voluntarily, for the sake of humanity at large, those ambitious dreams in which Russia has indulged for generations. And what is the net result? A gathering of empty benches, augmented by a few half-hearted spectators, took place in St. James's Hall on Tuesday last. This melancholy exception to a bloodthirsty and martial majority was not addressed by Lord Salisbury (whose absence at such a meeting was rather remarkable) or Mr. Chamberlain, but by a less representative gentleman named Mr. Klenck, whose connexion with our imperial interests is not so well known to us. Letters were read regretting the unavoidable absence of ten persons, whose assistance in filling up a little of the vacant space would have been particularly welcome. The proceedings closed with a resolution of approval; but it is doubtful whether there was a quorum to make it valid. Poor Tsar!

One of the most appalling cyclones ever witnessed swept over the West Indies on Sunday. Even those on the spot are unable to estimate the amount of damage done, or the precise number of human lives lost, but it seems only too certain that the disaster will complete the ruin of this luckless portion of the British Empire. Foreign bounties and a lopsided system of free trade had already brought the West Indies to the very verge of bankruptcy, and the frightful destruction of life and property which has now taken place must fill the cup of their economic woes to overflowing. Mr. Chamberlain's doles will have to be enormously augmented, both from public and private sources, in relief of a distress more acute than the islands have ever known. Great losses naturally occurred among the shipping, but the hurricane seems to have afforded H.M.S. "Alert" an opportunity of repeating the performance of the "Calliope" in Samoa a few years ago. By putting to sea in the teeth of the storm

the skipper probably saved his ship. In each case it was an admirable and plucky piece of seamanship.

North London has to face the nuisance of a strike of tramway horsekeepers because the Tramway Company has apparently determined to smash the men's Union. The strike was commenced on Thursday morning, and there seems little room for any other opinion than that the Union is justified in the action it has taken. At the best the position of the horsekeeper in a tram-yard is a miserable one; the Company by its tyranny drove the men into forming a Union, and now every man who makes himself at all prominent in connexion with it is marked and dismissed on the slenderest pretext. The Company is further charged with having imposed longer hours and violated the terms of the arrangement with the County Council. It is obvious from the manifesto issued by Mr. Markham that the men have been called out with great reluctance, and it is important the public should understand that any inconvenience suffered is the direct result of what the men regard as the nigger-driving propensities of the Company.

It would seem that some of the London magistrates have not yet learned that one of their duties—one of their chief duties, indeed—is to protect the public from the police. The case of Mr. Plowden, of Marlborough Street—the same Mr. Plowden who gives gratuitous lectures on vaccination to the conscientious objector—is the latest instance of this ignorance. Before him were brought two plain countrymen, sellers of innocent milk at Brockley, who were charged with being in league with a loose woman, and of assaulting and attempting to rob a policeman in plain clothes. This charge was brought by the policeman, but the accused had quite another tale to tell. Their version was that in crossing Hyde Park they heard a woman cry in a shrubbery, and upon answering this cry for help they were violently attacked with a stick by the policeman. To attest their own good character, the two countrymen brought a number of unimpeachable witnesses from Brockley. The policeman brought forward no witnesses, either because he had none or because he had found by experience that one policeman's evidence is equivalent to the evidence of ten ordinary men. In this case, however, the policeman's tale was so obviously vamped-up that Mr. Plowden discharged the accused, and added generously that they had "no stain on their character." Of course; but what about the policeman's character? One would expect that a magistrate who knew his duty to the public would have publicly denounced the policeman. But no, not a single word. Consequently we cannot admit that Mr. Plowden has "no stain on his character" as a magistrate.

But how can we effectively rebuke a mere magistrate for ignorance when we find that a judge in Chancery requires to be taught his duty to the public? We had thought that Mr. Justice Phillimore would have learned his lesson after his recent indiscretion and the castigation it deservedly received. Yet it is not so. Here he is again flinging gratuitous insults at "the unhappy people who desire to dissolve their marriage ties and to enter into fresh engagements." How does Mr. Justice Phillimore know that these divorced persons are "unhappy"? The probability is that they are much more happy at the present moment than they have been for many a day. But in any case it is not for Mr. Justice Phillimore to offer insulting comment. His position there as Vacation Judge requires him to make the decree of divorce absolute, and there is an end. If he "as a Christian man" has conscientious objections let him go before a magistrate and have his conscience examined; Mr. Curtis Bennett, for instance, is an expert in dealing with the conscientious objector. But in the meantime let him refrain from exhibiting his want of Christian charity; and above all let him refrain from posing as a high priest of the Holy of Holies.

Viney has been sentenced to death at the Old Bailey, but the jury found extenuating circumstances and recommended him to mercy. We have already stated our opinion that cases of this kind, in which

men have acted from conscientious though mistaken convictions, should be leniently dealt with. The Home Secretary has shown humanity and enlightenment in remitting the shameful sentence passed in the Dixon case, and in releasing the Salvationist who had been imprisoned for singing in the street. We have every confidence, therefore, that he will exercise his prerogative of mercy in the sad case of a misguided, probably insane, man who took the lives of his children to save them from misery and want.

The roll of Alpine accidents is really getting alarming. Every week adds to the long list of disasters; and it is stated by those who are competent to pronounce an opinion that this promises to be the most unfortunate season—as far as the loss of human life is concerned—which the Alps have ever witnessed. Are people growing more foolhardy, or is it a strange fatality that brings about so mysterious an epidemic of misadventure? The curious thing is that many of the victims are old and experienced hands, who would have been the last people to omit a single precaution for their safety. Now we learn that Mr. Norman Neruda, well known both as an artist and as an Alpine climber, has been killed during his eighth ascent of the Fünffingerspitze in the Austrian Tyrol. He was descending a dangerous perpendicular rock known as the Schmidkamin, when a piece of rock to which he was holding gave way, and he was precipitated on to the rocks below. He was so severely injured that he could not be moved, and the party remained in their terrible position all night, until a relief expedition came to their assistance. Mr. Norman Neruda died, unhappily, in the arms of his rescuers. It seems a pity that so many valuable lives should be thrown away in this reckless and unnecessary manner; though one finds some slight consolation in the fact that the inborn love of dangerous sport is a sign that there is still some virility in the human race.

The simultaneous discovery of a new minor planet and a claim to an earldom has furnished the week with two of its most interesting episodes. The former is stated to be of the 11th magnitude; but it is doubtful if as much can be said for the latter. The claimant himself does not give a very promising account of his new dignity. He announced in the "Times" that he intended to assume the imposing title of Earl of Landaff of Thomastown, in the peerage of Ireland, on and after the 14th day of September, 1898. And it is interesting to learn that a book is about to be published which will tell an expectant world all about his pedigree. We trust that the phrase "the second son of my great-grandfather," which appears in the new Earl's letter, will not be generally accepted as a quotation from the valuable work in question, as an indication of such complicated affinities might seriously injure the sale of the book. But we are genuinely sorry to learn that the earldom is an empty, though inalienable, honour, which carries with it no worldly advantages beyond ancient nobility. For the estates, it appears, were sold by a sham earl, who had no business to wear the coronet at all, as far back as 1813.

Although the British Association hovers dangerously on the brink of a mutual admiration society, its proceedings are sometimes illuminated by intelligible papers of interest and value. The latter quality, we hasten to add, characterises many of the discourses; but the former is generally conspicuous by its entire absence. Miss Mary Kingsley's essay on West African conceptions of property contained a remarkable disclosure of the already advanced stage of civilisation which has been reached unaided by the true negro. It appears that the untamed aborigines of West Africa have arrived at property complications which would do justice to a London solicitor. They possess an elaborate legal system that might well vie with the quibbles and complexities which daily harass our Probate courts. And it is amusing to note that it is upon this very state of legal confusion that the negro's claim to civilising power principally rests. If a high social and moral standard are dependent upon the laws governing property being as tangled as possible, it would be far

kinder, we venture to suggest, to leave unsophisticated blacks in their crude and barbaric simplicity. But Miss Kingsley's revelations throw considerable doubt on the existence of ingenuous natives in this degenerate age.

Nothing, apparently, is sacred in the eyes of this Association. Every nook and corner of the universe is explored for fresh facts and new details concerning every conceivable topic from the Coal question to the Thermal Conductivity of rocks. But it has remained for Miss C. E. Collet ruthlessly to cast aside the immemorial mystery surrounding the feminine toilette, and to publish to a horrified group of savants the secrets of a lady's wardrobe. A paper was read by this advanced sister, we are told, of domestic significance, for it embodied details of the annual expenditure of a lady journalist, a female clerk and four high-school mistresses. That the latter class should have had four representatives while journalism only boasted one was scarcely fair; for it is usually among women writers that we find the poles of diversity. The incomes were small in each case; but three of the ladies spent more than £40 a year on dress. Fortunately for the modesty of our readers the exact items have been suppressed in the newspaper reports; but we can imagine the feelings of the average bachelor professor if Miss Collet's scientific enthusiasm incited her to reckless revelation. But why, we ask, was this interesting paper relegated to the section dealing with economics and statistics? The subject-matter of it surely belonged pre-eminently to the science of anthropology.

The economic needs and uses of the Empire were the subject of two papers read before the British Association by Dr. Bonar and Miss Faraday. Although it would be difficult to overrate the importance of economic questions to the future of the British race, we are afraid that neither of the addresses will help us far on the road to a wise solution. Miss Faraday pleads for a school which will assist the popular mind to a proper conception of the Imperial system. Such a school might prove of as much advantage to the professional as to the popular mind. Dr. Bonar, at any rate, has a quaint notion of the altruistic mission of the Empire. Wealth does not always give power, as he truly says. But he asks us to believe that we hold Egypt, and even India, "not from avarice, but from love of governing." "Our own Colonies," he adds, "are not bound to us by a nexus of cash payments." Does Dr. Bonar really imagine that we hold India and Egypt primarily because we think that we can govern them better than any one else can? The plain unvarnished truth is that the Empire was built up as the result of the pursuit of gain, and if we do not attempt to exact immediate cash payments or their equivalent from the Colonies to-day, we abstain because rude experience warns us of the certain consequences.

It is reported that a survey is to be made immediately of the route which an extension of the railway from Burma into Yunnan, and possibly up to the Yangtse, would follow. The authorities have after all apparently discovered that engineering enterprise is not unequal to coping with the difficulties which Lord Salisbury was inclined to regard as insuperable. A railway from Burma into Yunnan would tap one of the richest corners of the Chinese Empire, and now it seems amazing that steps to that end were not taken long ago. Trade between Burma and Western China in the last year or two has been on the "down grade." The report on trans-frontier commerce which has just come to hand from Rangoon shows that Burma does more than twice as much business with the Shan States as with Western China. A railway, no doubt, would change all that. But in arranging for the continuation of the line it will be necessary for the survey party and others concerned to be careful they do nothing to prejudice the cause they would promote. When the Burma Boundary Commission visited the frontier a year ago, they left the impression on the Chinese mind that preparations were being made for a war on China. The scare promptly took effect in a diminution of trade. What a railway to Yunnan would mean may be seen from the

increasing importance of Myitkyina. Since the railway was carried to Myitkyina trade has been largely transferred from Bhamo.

If the plight of East London during the present summer does not bring appreciably nearer the hour when the water supply will be taken out of the hands of dividend-seeking companies, it is hard to imagine what will do so. The East London Water Works Company has had its chance, and the experience of August and September has proved that it is hopeless to expect those who control its affairs to rise to the level of their public duties. Parliament gave the Company the authority to take the steps necessary to avoid the ghastly state of things now existing in East London. Why have those steps not been taken? The friends of the Company grow angry if it is suggested that dividends may be the explanation. The Company declares, and is encouraged by the Local Government Board in the contention, that there is a wicked waste of water on the part of its customers, and a long string of instances is given of people who insist, for instance, on watering their gardens. But the Company charges for the water, and there is no sort of suggestion that, if the gardens were not watered, the water rate would not be demanded. So far as the poorer districts are concerned, it is now clear that the Company grossly deceived the public when it insisted on the removal of cisterns and undertook to provide a constant supply. Such a supply could be the only justification for leaving the people without means of water storage. The indignation of the East End is daily growing more alarming.

The Local Government Board has just issued a circular to all rural parish councils calling their attention to three small Acts passed during the last session which give additional powers to those bodies. One of them is of sufficient importance to justify insistence upon its immediate adoption by the authorities concerned. It gives parish councils power to pay to neighbouring urban districts subsidies for the use when needed of urban fire brigades. There have been several bad scandals during the past year or two because of the refusal of town authorities to allow their fire brigades to go a step outside their own rated area. Country houses, containing books and pictures of national importance, have been destroyed for want of the help that might easily have been rendered, in one notorious case the fire brigade standing and looking on while destruction was spreading. There is no longer any shadow of excuse for the lack of working arrangements between the town and the adjoining rural districts in this matter. It is a small Act, but of more real value than many that have been passed with greater noise.

We are glad to see that although Mr. Robert Newman has difficulties with the National Sunday League he has none with his public. The Promenade Concerts are better attended than ever, especially on the non-popular nights. There was a big audience at the Wagner Concert on Monday, and one quite as large at the Tschaiowsky Concert on Wednesday. The latter was certainly the more interesting. The fine symphony in F minor has not yet been given too often, and every movement, with the exception of the first, made a great effect, the wonderfully dainty and piquant pizzicato scherzo being especially delightful.

A vigorous effort will be made to prevent the redoubtable Mr. Kensit from carrying out his threat to besiege the platform of the Church Congress—with intent to bring before the members the question of Ritualism. There is a strict rule that only a bona fide member of the Church of England may address the Congress, a rule which has indeed been broken, but by inadvertence, as when Mr. John Coleman, a Roman Catholic, took part in the discussion on the theatre at Leicester. It will be maintained that Mr. Kensit conducts services in Dissenting places of worship, preaches there, and is thus disqualified from Church membership. But we fancy that every baptized person is by right a member of the Church of England. Indeed Mr. Kensit is, we believe, a communicant.

EMPRESS AND ANARCHIST.

ONE of the most pitiful elements in the assassination of the Empress Elizabeth is the knowledge that she, a passionate lover of the free life, was done to death in the name of freedom. It is no easy matter for a royal personage to love liberty for its own sake; it verges on the impossible for an Empress in the most conservative Court of Europe to express that love in her personal conduct. Yet the Empress of Austria did both, and she achieved this miracle with rare grace and womanly dignity. In a world that is given over to a squalid realism she was a consistent romantic who still maintained an admiration for Byron and worshipped the unconquerable spirit of Heine. The great sorrows of her life had touched it to fine issues; the early flightiness had passed into simplicity; the green wilfulness had ripened into a great gentleness. Despite her royal birth, this woman had fashioned for herself a royal nature, and although she was Empress of Austria, there was not a more queenly woman in Europe.

And to this woman, in her graciousness and her simplicity, came the ruthless assassin. He calls himself an Anarchist, this monstrous child of a diseased Europe, and we are prompt to accept the statement. Too prompt; for assuredly there is nothing in common between the coloured dreams of the idealists who conceived Anarchism—such men as Réclus and Kropotkin—and the squalid madness of these so-called Anarchists. However foolish it may be to suppose that men can live in peace and plenty without any organized form of government, it is not a criminal conception, nor does it necessarily lead to promiscuous assassination of those in power. But Anarchism is easily said, and the police, who both manufacture criminals and encourage crime, slump all the political diseases of Europe under that convenient and evil name. If the peasants of Southern Italy, hungry and bankrupt, call aloud for bread in a multitude, they are promptly dispersed as so many Anarchists; if the workmen of Milan combine to secure better conditions of labour, their outdoor meetings are dispersed by cavalry, and the leaders are flung into prison—as Anarchists. It is a handy bogey, this Anarchism, for it saves all troublesome inquiry. It is the stand-by of a despotic police system, for it requires no explanation. What more would you have? The man is an Anarchist, and an Anarchist is a human wolf to be killed outright whenever he is caught. That is the police attitude throughout Europe, and the timid bourgeoisie, ever ready to accept superstition instead of truth, accept this attitude as humane and final.

But do not these criminals, the men who murdered Carnot, Canovas, and the Empress of Austria, call themselves Anarchists and glory in the name? Assuredly; it is the comprehensive title bestowed upon them by the Continental police, and as these malcontents are for ever at war with the police it has become to them a kind of rallying-cry. The name is as good as any other; it is vague, and it is associated with theatrical heroics. In England we have a criminal class who are quite capable of a murderous outfling, men who lapse through hunger into crime; but we do not call them Anarchists, while they, for their part, do not claim to be heroes. They loiter about Soho, unkempt and squalid, but for them the assassin's knife has no temptation. With that practical instinct which is the birthright of their race they know that the economic condition of England, and the hunger which first lured them to crime, were not created by royalty. In their own dim fashion they conceive that it was created by Capital, and Capital has not yet reached the point where, in the person of one man, it can be conveniently assassinated. Consequently, we have no Anarchists in England, although the raw material for the making of them is here in abundance.

It is admissible for us to be proud that this form of criminal, the product of economic pressure and police tyranny, is confined to Continental states, but it will be wise not to be too proud. The day may come when England will discover its Anarchists, although they may not proclaim themselves under that name, and that day of reckoning will only be averted in one way; not by methods of ferocious repression, such as obtain in

Italy, but by the methods of justice and humanity. For, after all, these so-called Anarchists are not wolves, but men. They have mad notions and murderous instincts, and when these find outlet, as in the assassination of the Empress Elizabeth, all the world is thrilled with horror. But even so, we must never forget the evil conditions under which the evil brood has been reared; and the immediate practical lesson for us to learn is to reclaim rather than to repress. Let us bring humane and enlightened treatment into our prisons, removing as far as possible that feeling of leprous isolation, that brand of irremediable vileness, which a harsh police system is too apt to enforce. And in making this plea we are encouraged by the belief that it expresses the spirit of the gracious woman for whom all Europe is mourning. The Empress of Austria claimed freedom for herself; and assuredly she knew that in teaching men freedom—freedom from their own distorted nature as well as from degrading laws—lay the only hope of assuaging the unrest of the nations.

THE FRENCH AT FASHODA.

IN his attitude to foreign affairs the Englishman is frequently surprised into a singular lack of dignity. Worse than that; when he finds that a neighbour has copied his method of Colonial acquisition he is capable of an astounding insolence. These little lapses—they are not the Englishman's habitual posture—find illustration at the present moment in the flutter about Fashoda. When information reached us, by way of Khartoum, that this trading post on the White Nile was occupied by "white men," there was instant panic. The steady and assured mind with which the Soudan had been reconquered was instantly dismissed; hysteria took possession, and the whole British press proceeded to vilify France in the most overbearing manner. There is no direct proof that the "white men" who repulsed the Dervish gunboat are Frenchmen—they may be Belgians, they may even be Englishmen; but to the panic-stricken, mere proof is the last thing which is considered. It is enough to know that Major Marchand and his escort have long had it in hand to reach Fashoda; ergo, they have arrived, the miscreants.

Now this nervous tremor, tempered by insolence, is not only undignified and unjust: it also seems to indicate that our claim to Fashoda is inherently weak. The French nation will argue that, with a good cause, there is no need of strong language. It is a natural argument and it is inevitable that it should be used against us; and the pity is that we have put it in their hands, because our claim to occupy Fashoda is unusually good. The town belonged to the Egyptian Government, its trade was organized and its Governor appointed by General Gordon when he administered the Equatorial Provinces, and it was inevitable that it should be reoccupied by the Egyptian Government when the Soudan was reconquered. There has never been the slightest doubt that such would be the course pursued, and the French Government has been frequently informed of our intention. Nor has the French Government ever denied that Fashoda was as much a part of Egypt as Khartoum; it has merely ignored the matter in the hope that some turn of events might bring an advantage. As diplomatists the French were quite justified in adopting this attitude. They know our Foreign Office, they know its slackness and its shiftlessness in the face of a little bluff. Moreover, their experiences on the Niger had taught them what an expedition could accomplish by rushing the position. They have retired from Boussa, but their cleverness in occupying that town gave them a clear advantage when they came to deal with Lord Salisbury. So in the case of Fashoda, it may not be the intention of the French Government to endorse the action of Major Marchand in occupying the town on the White Nile—if he actually has arrived there—but with this in hand they might be able to frighten our Foreign Office into paying a price. All their recent experiences in dealing with our Foreign Office justify them in claiming as much as possible in every direction, because the more they claim the more they are likely to get. The capacity of Lord Salisbury to concede gracefully has not yet been plumbed.

Happily this matter of Fashoda is to be settled by a

man of action. The "Daily Telegraph" tells us this morning (Friday) that the Sirdar is already on his way to Fashoda, with a force strong enough to drive out all the French he may meet there. No war correspondents are at Khartoum, and the Sirdar never informs us of what he is going to do, but only of what he has done. The probability is, therefore, that we shall learn in the briefest time who are the "white men" at Fashoda, what is their business and in what direction they have been dispatched. If the incomers are Marchand and his Frenchmen, and if they have run up the French flag at Fashoda, we may take it that this flag will be hauled down again. The Sirdar, as representative of the Egyptian, will be very polite. He will not object to the friendly call of a scientific expedition, but he will make it plain that the visitors must not outstay their welcome, for if they do there will be unpleasantness. No doubt the Frenchmen will be equally polite. They will understand the position, especially when it is emphasised by gunboats, and they will find it convenient to explore in another direction. An interchange of breakfast parties between the French officers and the Sirdar's staff would make a graceful finish to an interesting international episode.

That would indeed be an excellent mode of settling the matter; far less irritating and, what is better, far more effective than the niggling of the amateurs who presume to conduct foreign affairs. The Sirdar and Major Marchand, being men of action, will realise at once how the matter stands, and deal with it on its merits, without reference to fifty other things—which is the Foreign Office method. For the Sirdar will make it plain that Fashoda belongs to Egypt now, and has belonged to Egypt for many a year. That it was captured by the Dervishes from Egypt does not make it a neutral territory which any enterprising European nation may occupy. Egypt has never ceased to maintain that the Equatorial Provinces were her territory, from which she was expelled by superior force, just as France was expelled from Alsace-Lorraine; and now that she has defeated her old enemy, she resumes her rights over the lost provinces, just as France will do in Alsace-Lorraine when the time comes. The thing is very plain, and Frenchmen, at least the Frenchmen of action, will understand. We feel sure that, unless the telegraph wires unexpectedly work well and enable Lord Salisbury to give orders, the Sirdar will reoccupy Fashoda in the name of his Government with the minimum of trouble; but, even should it be necessary to burn a little gunpowder, "why should we indulge in a fit of hysteria and insolence?" Surely the British nation is strong enough to accept the situation with calm politeness.

THE NEXT WAR IN THE LIGHT OF OMDURMAN.

SINCE the last great war of 1870 the art of warfare has been almost revolutionised by the inventive genius of those who have devoted their talents to the improvement of military armaments; and the achievements of modern progress have received a demonstration that might well strike terror even into the hardened hearts of army veterans. For nearly thirty years the greatest experts in Europe have vied with each other in the production of deadlier and more irresistible weapons, and millions upon millions of money have been thrown away year after year on refitting whole armies with guns and ammunition of the latest and most destructive pattern. It is a burden under which every great Power has been bowed down during the last years, and one which is constantly increasing in order to keep pace with the gigantic strides maintained by science. Not the least dreaded feature of this onward march of military preparation has been the dark veil of uncertainty which covers the practical effect of the new mechanism contrived by an ingenuity that is almost inhuman in its fiendishness. But this veil has been partly lifted for us by the recent battle of Omdurman, and a thrill of horror—which must have found a responsive vibration throughout Europe—has penetrated the breast of every Englishman who read the hideous record of Dervish carnage last week. More than half the Khalifa's entire fighting force, a total of over 27,000 men, were mowed down; and no less than

10,800 Dervish corpses were counted upon the battlefield. Such a percentage of losses is unprecedented. In our previous campaigns in 1884-5 the proportions of the enemy's killed never exceeded one-sixth of their whole force; yet after an interval of little more than twelve years the progress in our armaments has provided us with engines capable of slaughtering an entire army in a few hours. We have been told by war correspondents that dense masses of Dervish troops melted away before they came within measurable distance of our lines; while it is said of the new Woolwich bullet that it checked the advance of the enemy at 800 yards.

Omdurman has taught us a fearful lesson of the possibilities of modern warfare. It may be said that the Dervishes threw their lives away by impetuous onslaught, and that no civilised power would have exposed its soldiers to a fire such as was faced by the Khalifa's brave followers; but the awful destructiveness of new weapons has nevertheless received a lasting and blood-curdling proof. The Lyddite shells, Maxim guns and repeating rifles of to-day may to-morrow be discarded for instruments still more diabolical in their power of destroying human life. The next European conflagration, the first encounter of two civilised nations under new conditions, will be a stupendous revelation—some of the effects of which have already been foreshadowed by Omdurman—as to the import of the vast system of military organization which has been forced upon the rival Powers of the West. We shall find the combatants handling colossal armies such as have never before been put in the field; and with this multiplication of war material will come an increased strain on the tactical genius of those in supreme command. These huge numbers will bring fresh complications in their train. The points of simultaneous attack or defence will be largely increased, and it will become more difficult than ever to keep the threads in the mind of one directing intelligence. With increased numbers must be reckoned the formidably augmented difficulty of transport and the provision of an adequate medical staff. Then it must be remembered that these stupendous armies will be provided with weapons which are being rendered more deadly year by year; that they will fire out of machine guns and repeating rifles projectiles and bullets against which no ordinary means of shelter are proof, and which inflict wounds that no surgical skill can remedy. To expose troops to this leaden storm would mean instant annihilation; a charge of the Light Brigade under modern conditions would be an impossible feat—neither horse nor trooper could get within three hundred yards of the enemy's lines.

War will, in fact, be a game of chess. An elaborate series of manœuvres will lead up to a possibly bloodless victory. The most skilful strategist will win the day by sheer military science. No general will dare to place a battalion within range of the enemy's guns. A hideous mistake on the part of a commanding officer would result in a carnage that might instantly annihilate a regiment; and by a blunder of the staff the entire forces of a nation might be wiped out of existence in ten minutes. That is the appalling prospect which stares civilisation in the face to-day. But it is in the very magnitude and hideousness of the danger that the greatest safeguard lies. The Tsar's recent proposals are far more calculated, if carried out, to provoke war than to avert it. If the armaments of civilised nations are reduced below their present level, the inducements to maintain peace will be proportionately diminished. The greater the cost of war the weightier will be the considerations which will cause nations to embark on it. To aim at making war less terrible in its consequences, is the surest way to provoke the light and thoughtless undertaking of hostilities, and this would be the immediate effect of putting the well-intentioned theories of the Tsar into practice. Total disarmament and the establishment of arbitration will come when the world is ripe for such propositions; but at present the destructive power of modern weapons, and the maintenance of great armies and navies are the best guarantees of peace, as well as being the means most conducive to bloodless battles. It is the horrors of war alone which have over and over again saved the situation in Europe. Peace purchased at the price of heavy and formidable

armaments is better than the constant fear of war engendered by lighter burdens and less paralysing deterrents. Until, therefore, the advent of that universal peace about which the Tsar has been dreaming, let the nations of Europe profit by the lesson of Omdurman and, by increasing the hideousness of war, adopt the surest means of avoiding its miseries.

IRELAND, IRELAND.

DOWN thy valleys, Ireland, Ireland,
Down thy valleys green and sad,
Still thy spirit wanders wailing,
Wanders wailing, wanders mad.

Long ago that anguish took thee,
Ireland, Ireland, green and fair;
Spoilers strong in darkness took thee,
Broke thy heart and left thee there.

Down thy valleys, Ireland, Ireland,
Still thy spirit wanders mad;
All too late they love that wronged thee,
Ireland, Ireland, green and sad.

HENRY NEWBOLT.

THE TRUE SHAKESPEARE.

AN ESSAY IN REALISTIC CRITICISM.—PART IX.

SHORTLY after he had written "Julius Cæsar" there befell Shakespeare that series of misfortunes that probably ruined his health and certainly forced him to the brink of madness. He sung his woe in a whole series of dramas from "Hamlet" to "Timon"; the theme of all these plays being his own disappointment and disillusion. In almost every play during this period he revealed himself quite frankly in the person of the protagonist, and now and then, as in "Troilus and Cressida" and more particularly in "Timon," the dramatic mask was thrown aside, and a whole play was turned into a lyric of suffering. As soon as Shakespeare won back to sanity, and a comparative measure of health, he began again to do dramatic work, but he never afterwards took the dramatic fiction as seriously as he had done before his breakdown.

It is a curious fact in the life-history of Shakespeare that though the dramas of this last period of his activity have nothing in them of the buoyant spirit of their prototypes, he remains an even more confirmed idealist in the "Winter's Tale," "Cymbeline" and "The Tempest," than he had been in "Much Ado about Nothing," "Twelfth Night" and "As you Like It." The characterisation of all the personages in the "Winter's Tale" is enfeebled either by carelessness or by this idealising purpose: even Autolycus himself, while real enough on the stage, where his personal peculiarities attach him to life, is to the reader a mere poetic reflection of Falstaff. It seems to me probable that Shakespeare noticed this shortcoming in his art, and sought to amend it. But no one by taking thought can add to his stature or undo the ravages of wasting years. By this time Shakespeare had painted all the characters that experience had revealed to him, and now his interest in life was gone and the sources of invention dried up. He was forced to depict himself in order that his work might not lack reality. Accordingly in his two last dramas he paints himself at full length, and in the first with astonishing care. It is true that in Cymbeline he still tries to depict other characters; but I think he must have recognised his comparative failure save in the case of Imogen, for in "The Tempest" he abandons the attempt except again in the case of Miranda, and contents himself with giving a local habitation and a name to the creatures of pure fantasy. That Shakespeare pictured himself as Duke Prospero in the "Tempest" has been noticed by Professor Dowden and a host of other professional panegyrists. The portrait of Prospero is idealised almost out of likeness to humanity; but that does not strike these gentlemen as a fault. Nor does

it seem to have occurred to any of them, so far as I know, to say or see that in the personage of Posthumus, in "Cymbeline," Shakespeare has painted himself with extraordinary care; has, in fact, given us as deliberate and almost as complete a portrait of himself as he did in "Hamlet." Unluckily he indulged his fatal idealising habit to such an extent that the portrait is neither so veracious nor so lifelike. Still, as it is the completest portrait of him that we have after his mental shipwreck, and towards the end of his career, we must note the traits of it carefully, and see what manner of man Shakespeare then took himself to be.

It is difficult to imagine how the commentators have been able to read "Cymbeline" without seeing the likeness between Posthumus and Hamlet. The wager which is the theme of the play may have hindered them a little, but as they found it easy to excuse its coarseness by attributing it to the time, there seems to have been no reason for not recognising Posthumus. Posthumus is simply a staidier Hamlet considerably idealised. I am not at all assured that the subject of the play was void of offence in the time of Elizabeth; all finer spirits must even then have found it indecent; at any rate it was plainly distasteful to Shakespeare. And yet he used it because of the opportunities it gave him of painting himself and a noble woman. His view of the wager is just indicated; the bet is distasteful to him, but not offenceful and insulting as it seems to us. This appears clearly from what Iachimo says: "I make my wager rather against your confidence than her reputation: and, to bar your offence herein too, I durst attempt it against any lady in the world." But in spite of the fact that Iachimo makes his insult general, Posthumus warns him that, "if she remain unseduced . . . for your ill opinion, and the assault you have made to her chastity, you shall answer me with your sword." From this it would appear that the bet was distasteful to Shakespeare or to Posthumus. As I have said it is not as distasteful to him as it should have been according to our modern temper; and this shortcoming, an involuntary shortcoming, is the only fault which Shakespeare shows us in Posthumus. From the very first scene of the first act he is praised as men never praise the absent without a personal motive; the First Gentleman says of him,—

"I do not think
So fair an outward and such stuff within
Endows a man but he."

The Second Gentleman replies,—

"You speak him far;"

and the First Gentleman continues,

"I do extend him, sir, within himself;
Crush him together, rather than unfold
His measure duly."

And as if this weren't enough, this gentleman eulogist goes on to tell us that Posthumus has sucked in "all the learnings" of his time "as we do air," and further

"He lived in court—
Which rare it is to do—most praised, most loved;
A sample to the young'st, to the more mature
A glass that feated them; and to the graver
A child that guided dotards."

All this praise offends the modesty of nature, and our knowledge of life, but it shows a prepossession on Shakespeare's part in favour of Posthumus which can scarcely be explained except as I have explained it. The first words that Posthumus in this same act and scene addresses to Imogen show the nature which we have proved to be Shakespeare's:

"O lady, weep no more, lest I give cause
To be suspected of more tenderness
Than doth become a man."

And when Imogen gives him the ring and tells him to wear it till he woos another wife, he talks to her exactly as Romeo would have talked:

"How! how! another?—
You gentle gods, give me but this I have,
And sear up my embraces from a next
With bonds of death! [Putting on the ring.]
Remain, remain thou here
While sense can keep it on."

And he concludes as Hamlet would have concluded:

"And sweetest, fairest,

As I my poor self did exchange for you,
To your so infinite loss, so in our trifles
I still win of you; for my sake wear this:
It is a manacle of love; I'll place it
Upon this fairest prisoner."

[Putting a bracelet on her arm.]

In his fight with Cloten he is depicted as a rare swordsman of wonderful magnanimity. Pisanio says:

"My master rather played than fought,

And had no help of anger."

I call this gentle kindness that Posthumus displays, the birthmark of Shakespeare. As the play goes on we find Shakespeare's other characteristics, or Hamlet's. Iachimo pictures Posthumus "as merry," "gamesome," "the Briton reveller," and Imogen answers as Ophelia might have answered about Hamlet:

"When he was here,

He did incline to sadness; and oft-times

Not knowing why."

But this uncaused melancholy that is Jaques' and Brutus' and Hamlet's and Macbeth's is not more distinctive of the Hamlet-Shakespeare type than the way Posthumus behaves when Iachimo tries to make him believe that he has won the wager. Posthumus is convinced almost at once, and jumps to the conclusion with the heedless rapidity of the naive, sensitive, quick-thinking littérateur. He gives Iachimo Imogen's ring as well, and bursts into a diatribe:

"Let there be no honour

Where there's beauty; truth, where semblance; love,
Where there's another man," and so forth.

Even Philario, who has no stake in the matter, is infinitely harder to convince.

"Have patience, sir,

And take your ring again; 'tis not yet won:

It may be probable she lost it."

Then the unstable opposite, Posthumus, demands his ring back again, but as soon as Iachimo swears that he had the bracelet from her arm, Posthumus swings round again to belief from sheer rapidity of thought. Again Philario will not be convinced. He says:

"Sir, be patient,

This is not strong enough to be believed

Of one persuaded well of—"

But Posthumus will not await the proof for which he has asked. He is convinced upon suspicion, and the very nimbleness of his intellect, seeing that probabilities are against him, entangles him in the snare. Even his servant Pisanio will not believe in Imogen's guilt though his master assures him of it. Posthumus goes on to rave against women as Hamlet did; as all men do who do not understand them.

"For even to vice

They are not constant, but are changing still."

And Posthumus betrays as clearly as ever Hamlet did that he is merely Shakespeare masquerading:

"I'll write against them,

Detest them, curse them—yet 'tis greater skill

In a true hate, to pray they have their will:

The very devils cannot plague them better."

"Write against them" indeed, the threat is more in the character of the poet and man of letters than in that of the ancient Briton and son-in-law of a half-barbarous King.

I may be allowed to interpolate here how strangely characteristic all this play is of Shakespeare. The Queen's patriotic outburst in praise of England in the first scene of the third act; the contrast between the life of the Court and the Country revealed in the discussion in the third scene of the third act between Belarius and the two princes; and the fact that Arviragus and his brother treat gold as dirt—all these are peculiarities of Shakespeare.

When we come to Posthumus again almost at the end of the play we find that he has forgotten all his anger against Imogen. He is angry now with Pisanio for having carried out his order and murdered her; he should have "saved the noble Imogen to repent."

Then Posthumus describes the battle in which he took so fair a part in Shakespeare's very manner. He falls into rhyme; he tells of what others did, and says nothing of his own feats; Belsarius and the two striplings,—

"With their own nobleness . . . gilded pale looks," as in the well-known sonnet he talks about,—

"Gilding pale streams with heavenly alchemy."

But the scene which reveals the character of Posthumus beyond all doubt is the prison scene in the fifth act. His soliloquy which begins,—

"Most welcome, bondage, for thou art a way,

I think, to liberty"—

is all pure Hamlet. When he determines to give up life, he says—

"O Imogen!

I'll speak to thee in silence."

Which must be compared with Hamlet's—

"The rest is silence."

The scene with the gaoler is from Hamlet's soul. He jests with his keeper as Hamlet with the gravedigger—

"So, if I prove a good repast to the spectators, the dish pays the shot;" and the Hamlet phrase—

"I am merrier to die than thou art to live;" and then—

"I tell thee, fellow, there are none want eyes to direct them the way I am going; but such as wink, and will not use them."

When the messenger comes to bring him to the king, Posthumus cries—

"Thou bringest good news, I am called to be made free,"

for there are "no bolts for the dead."

Those who care to see how Shakespeare's mind worked will compare Posthumus' speech to Iachimo with Othello's last words. These two speeches are twins—the birth of one mind.

"Ay, so thou dost,

Italian fiend! Ah me, most credulous fool,

Egregious murderer, thief, anything

That's due to all the villains past, in being,

To come! O, give me cord, or knife, or poison,

Some upright justicer!

. O Imogen,

My queen, my life, my wife!"

This "egregious murderer" can only be compared to Othello's "honourable murderer" in bitterness of self-condemnation.

It is characteristic, too, that Posthumus should strike Imogen in her page's dress, not recognising her; he is ever too quick to be resolute. And most characteristic of all is the way he forgives Iachimo,—

"Kneel not to me:

The power that I have on you, is to spare you;

The malice towards you, to forgive you. Live,

And deal with others better."

Posthumus, then, is represented to us in the very beginning of the play as being perfect, a model to young and old of irreproachable virtue and all wonderful qualities. Yet in the progress of the play we find him very nimble-witted and credulous, quick to anger and quicker still to forgive; a man who hates his own rash errors to the point of desiring the heaviest punishment; a philosopher who can jest in the very presence of the Arch Fear. These are the chief characteristics of Hamlet, and Posthumus possesses no others.

Edgar in "Lear," too, is just as manifestly a projection of Shakespeare himself. When the king raves, Edgar forgets his own misery and destitution in his sympathy for Lear; he says—

"My tears begin to take his part so much

They'll mar my counterfeiting."

Edgar's soliloquy, too, at the beginning of Act 4 which begins

"Yet better thus, and known to be contemned,

Than still contemned and flattered"

may be compared with Sonnet CXXI. for the form:

"Tis better to be vile, than vile esteemed."

The scene with his afflicted father, Gloucester, is pure Shakespeare, as are his words when he sees Lear mad,—

"I would not take this from report, it is,

And my heart breaks at it."

His description of himself would suit Hamlet or Romeo perfectly:—

"A most poor man, made tame to fortune's blow;

Who, by the art of knowing and feeling sorrows, Am pregnant to good pity."

Then after the duel and Edmund's death when he declares himself,—

"My name is Edgar, and my father's son,"

and turns at once to philosophising:

"The Gods are just, and of our pleasant vices

Make instruments to plague us."

The last words of the whole tragedy are characteristic:

"The weight of this sad time we must obey,

Speak what we feel, not what we ought to say.

The oldest hath borne most."

Here again we have the gentle-hearted, melancholy philosopher.

FRANK HARRIS.

(To be continued.)

STÉPHANE MALLARMÉ.

IN the midst of the violent incidents which have occupied public attention during the past fortnight, the passing of a curious figure in the literary life of France has been almost unobserved. Stéphane Mallarmé died on the 9th inst. at his cottage of Bichenic, near Vulaine-sur-Seine, after a short illness. He was still in the fulness of life, having been born 18 March, 1842, but he had long seemed fragile. Five or six years ago, and at a quieter time, the death of Mallarmé would have been a newspaper "event," for in the early nineties his disciples managed to awaken around his name and his very contemplative person an astonishing amount of curiosity. This culminated in and was partly assuaged by the publication in 1893 of his "Vers et Prose," with a dreamy portrait, a lithograph of great beauty, by Mr. Whistler. Then Mallarmé had to take his place among things seen and known; his works were no longer arcane; people had read "Hérodias," and their reason had survived the test. In France, where sensations pass so quickly, Mallarmé has already long been taken for granted.

It was part of his resolute oddity to call himself by the sonorous name of Stéphane, but I have been assured that his god-parents gave him the humbler one of Étienne. He was descended from a series, uninterrupted both on the father's and on the mother's side, of officials connected with the parochial and communal registers, and Mallarmé was the quite-unexpected flower of this sober vegetation. He was to have been a clerk himself, but he escaped to England about 1862, and returned to Paris only to become what he remained, professionally, for the remainder of his life—a teacher of the English language. While he was with us he learned to cultivate a passion for boating, and in the very quiet, unambitious life of his later years to steal away to his "yole d'acajou" and lose himself, in dreaming, on one of the tributaries of the Seine was his favourite, almost his only, escapade. In 1873 or 1874 he was in London, and then my acquaintance with him began. I have a vision of him now, the little, brown, gentle person, trotting about in Bloomsbury with an elephant folio under his arm, trying to find Mr. Swinburne by the unassisted light of instinct.

This famous folio contained Edgar Poe's "Raven," translated by Mallarmé and illustrated in the most intimidating style by Manet, who was then still an acquired taste. We should to-day admire these illustrations, no doubt, very much; I am afraid that in 1874, in perfidious Albion, they awakened among the few who saw them undying mirth. Mallarmé's main design in those days was to translate the poems of Poe, urged to it, I think, by a dictum of Baudelaire's, that such a translation "peut être un rêve caressant, mais ne peut être qu'un rêve." Mallarmé reduced it to reality, and no one has ever denied that his version of Poe's poems is as admirably successful as it must have been difficult of performance. In 1875 the "Parnasse Contemporain" rejected Mallarmé's first important poem, "L'Après-Midi d'un Faune," and his revolt against the Parnassian theories began. In 1876 he suddenly braved opinion by two "coursiers of the Décadence," one the "Faune," in quarto, the other a reprint of Beckford's "Vathek," with a preface, an octavo in vellum. Fortunate the bibliophil of to-day who possesses these treasures, which were received in Paris with nothing but ridicule and are now sought after like rubies.

Extraordinary persistence in an idea, and extra-

ordinary patience under external discouragement, these were eminent characteristics of Mallarmé. He was not understood. Well, he would wait a little longer. He waited, in fact, some seventeen years before he admitted an ungrateful public again to an examination of his specimens. Meanwhile, in several highly eccentric forms, the initiated had been allowed to buy "Pages" from his works in prose and verse, at high prices, in most limited issues. Then, in 1893, there was a burst of celebrity and perhaps of disenchantment. When the tom-toms and the conches are silent, and the Veiled Prophet is revealed at last, there is always some frivolous person who is disappointed at the revelation. Perhaps Mallarmé was not quite so thrilling when his poems could be read by everybody as when they could only be gazed at through the glass bookcase doors of wealthy amateurs. But still, if everybody could now read them, not everybody could understand them. In 1894 the amiable poet came over here, and delivered at Oxford and at Cambridge, "*cités savantes*," an address of the densest Cimmerian darkness on Music and Letters. In 1897 appeared a collection of essays in prose, called "*Divagations*." The dictionaries will tell the rest of the story.

It seems quite impossible to conjecture what posterity will think of the poetry of Stéphane Mallarmé. It is not of the class which rebuffs contemporary sympathy by its sentiments or its subjects; the difficulty of Mallarmé consists entirely in his use of language. He was allied with, or was taken as a master by, the young men who have broken up and tried to remodel the prosody of France. In popular estimation he came to be identified with them, but in error; there are no *vers libres* in Mallarmé. He was resolutely misapprehended, and perhaps, in his quiet way, he courted misapprehension. But if we examine very carefully in what his eccentricity (or his originality) consisted, we shall find it all resolving itself into a question of language. He thought that the vaunted precision and lucidity of French style, whether in prose or verse, was degrading the national literature; that poetry must preserve, or must conquer, an embroidered garment to distinguish her from the daily newspaper. He thought the best ways of doing this were, firstly, to divert the mind of the reader from the obvious and beaten paths of thought, and secondly to arrange in a decorative or melodic scheme words chosen or reverted to for their peculiar dignity and beauty.

Mallarmé has been employed as a synonym for darkness, but he did not choose this as a distinction. He was not like Donne, who, when Edward Herbert had been extremely crabbed in an elegy on Prince Henry, wrote one himself to "match," as Ben Jonson tells us, Herbert "in obscurity." In a letter to myself, some years ago, Mallarmé protested with evident sincerity against the charge of being Lycophronic: "*excepté par maladresse ou gaucherie je ne suis pas obscur*." Yet where is obscurity to be found if not in "*Don du Poème*"? What is dense if the light flows freely through "*Pour Des Esseintes*"? Some of his alterations of his own text betray the fact that he treated words as musical notation, that he was far more intimately affected by their euphonic interrelation than by their meaning in logical sequence. In my own copy of "*Les Fenêtres*" he has altered in MS. the line

"Que dore la main chaste de l'Infini"

to

"Que dore le matin chaste de l'Infini."

Whether the Infinite had a Hand or a Morning was purely a question of euphony. So, what had long appeared as "*mon exotique soin*" became "*mon unique soin*." In short, Mallarmé used words, not as descriptive, but as suggestive means of communication between the writer and the reader, and the object of a poem of his was not to define what the poet was thinking about, but to force the listener to think about it by blocking up all routes of impression save that which led to the desired and indicated bourne.

He was a very delightful man, whom his friends will deeply regret. He was a particularly lively talker, and in his conversation, which was marked by good sense no less than by a singular delicacy of perception, there was no trace of the wilful perversity of his written style. He had a strong sense of humour, and no one will ever

know, perhaps, how far a waggish love of mystification entered into his theories and his experiments. He was very much amused when Verlaine said of him that he "*considéra la clarté comme une grâce secondaire*." It certainly was not the grace he sought for first. We may, perhaps, be permitted to think that he had no such profoundly novel view of nature or of man as justified such violent procedures as he introduced. But, when we were able to comprehend him, we perceived an exquisite fancy, great refinement of feeling and an attitude towards life which was uniformly and sensitively poetical. Is it not to be supposed that when he could no longer be understood, when we lost him in the blaze of language, he was really more delightful than ever, if only our gross senses could have followed him?

EDMUND GOSSE.

THE LANDRAIL.

TO the September gunner the landrail is, of course, a familiar figure enough. During the first three weeks of partridge shooting, few bags, in almost any part of Great Britain, fail to include a specimen or two of this shy and secretive migrant. In truth, few typical partridge days would be complete without the sight of the curious bird which, rising slowly and clumsily from before the march of the gunners, with drooping legs, wings its heavy flight, apparently scarcely able to do much more than top the level of the corn stooks, or the piece of standing barley or beans from which it has been driven. The landrail is, of course, easily shot; but, unless killed dead, it is a most troublesome bird to pick up, giving even the seasoned and sagacious retriever, who knows its tricks and its dodging running ways, an infinity of trouble. It has great powers of leaping, and when pursued by dogs is capable of jumping three or four yards. This is done "with closed wings and compressed feathers," and, no doubt, many a landrail confuses the dog and makes its escape by this means.

Upon its first arrival in this country in April, the landrail is lean and in wretched condition. During the last few weeks of its sojourn, however, the bird, when secured by the September sportsman, will be found to be in excellent condition, plump and well nourished. And, as every partridge shooter knows, or should know, there are few better tasted or more tender table-birds than this timid migrant. The food of the landrail has, no doubt, something to do with its delicate and toothsome flesh. It is not a grain eater, although the seeds of different weeds are at times found among the contents of its stomach. Small shell-snails, slugs, black snails, tiny fresh-water molluscs, worms, beetles and even leeches, seem to form its principal food supply. The gizzard is thick and muscular, and, not only the fragments of snail shell, but often small pieces of grit and gravel, are found in the intestines. These latter, and possibly even the crushed snail shells, no doubt, are aids to digestion.

Although familiar to the partridge shooter, the landrail is a most retiring creature and exposes itself with the greatest unwillingness to the gaze of mankind. If we except the gunner, by whom or by whose dog the bird is absolutely forced to take wing, how few are the people who can say they have ever seen a landrail in the flesh. The farmer and his men, during the spring and early summer months, and especially during the long days of May and June, are seldom, when they are afield, without the harsh and monotonous refrain from which this rail takes its other familiar name, the corncrake. Yet how many, even among the more observant of country people, can say that they have set eyes on a corncrake during May, June, July or August? Towards July the landrail begins to cease from its incessant call, and its presence, although, of course, the farmer well knows the bird and its family to be about his fields, would, by the uninitiated, be absolutely undreamed of.

In addition to its familiar British names, landrail and corncrake, this bird is also known locally as the dakerhen and land-hen. An old name for it in some counties was king of the quails; whether that name yet lingers here and there, now that the quail itself has become so scarce, I do not know. The name, king of the quails, was obviously bestowed upon the landrail for the reason that the period of its arrival in this country coincided almost exactly with that of the quails, both

birds reaching these shores towards the end of April. Although the landrails mostly disappear from Britain on their southward migration during early October, here and there a survivor may be found which remains behind and braves the northern winter. In Ireland, probably from the milder climate of that island, these belated landrails are found more numerous than in England and Scotland during the winter months. In winter they frequent by choice deep ditches and other sheltered spots, and when chased by dogs will readily take to holes. Probably this bird can, in reality, stand an average winter better than is generally supposed. It is, on the other hand, pretty certain that the landrail wintering in Britain must, like the woodcock, suffer very severely, from the nature of its food, during a really hard and prolonged spell of frost.

The sportsman, when one of these curious birds falls to his gun as he tramps a piece of clover or "seeds" during a still September day, seldom fails to bestow something more than a passing look at the singular shape and handsome plumage of the landrail. As the bird lies there upon your open palm, you may note easily its curiously short, feeble wings, set very far forward, and the strength, length and development of its legs and feet. It is manifest that the bird is by nature far more fitted for running than for flying. The clear hazel eye, the yellowish white stomach, the dark brown upper plumage fringed with pale rufous, the rich deep chestnut of the quills and wing feathers, the pale ash of the breast and neck, and the faint tawny markings of the sides and thighs—all these points are pretty sure to catch the eye of a sportsman, if, as more often than not happens, he is something of a naturalist as well as a gunner.

The most remarkable thing about the landrail is, however, after all is said and done, its extraordinary instinct or passion for migration. Whence comes to it that overpowering desire which, twice in the year, impels it, weak-winged though it is, to change its quarters, to range during our English spring time as far north as the bleak and frozen shores of arctic Greenland, to descend in the fall of the year away south into Africa, and eastward into Asia, reaching in its return migration countries so distant and so widely sundered as Natal and Afghanistan? At present—in spite of theories and surmises—we have no satisfactory reason offered to us for the wonderful migration—recurring steadily, persistently and unfailingly, year after year—of a bird like the landrail, whose weak wings and strongly developed legs plainly attest the fact that its natural powers of progression lie far more in walking and running than in flying. The extent of the migration of the landrail, although not yet perfectly ascertained, is reasonably well known. In its northern passage it reaches, during April and May, England, Scotland, Ireland, the Hebrides, the Orkney and Shetland Islands, the far Faroes, nay even such solitary and remote Atlantic rocks as the lonely islet of St. Kilda. It is well known in North Europe, resorting in its spring passage to Norway, Sweden and Denmark. But, beyond even these great migrations, there is established the fact that this feeble-winged creature, which in September seems scarcely capable of flapping heavily for thirty paces before the gunner, can and does summon up powers of flight sufficient to carry it across stormy and trackless seas as far north as Greenland, and as far north-west as the Bermudas and the eastern shores of North America. Wonderful as are the facts and records of migration, the case of the homely landrail is certainly one of the most remarkable among the instances of this overpowering instinct.

Quitting our British fields, as I have said, towards the beginning of October, the landrail seeks light, warmth and a fresh variety of food southward and eastward over a sufficiently wide expanse of country. Touching here and there—as it does in its spring migration—various countries in the south of Europe, it proceeds to take up its winter quarters in North Africa, Palestine and Asia Minor, penetrating eastward certainly as far as Afghanistan. Beyond Afghanistan its range seems limited, only one instance of the occurrence of the landrail having been recorded in India. In its African migration it is manifest that, although not yet identified in the central part of the continent, it does pass southward right through the heart of the country.

The well-known naturalist, Mr. T. Ayres, identified many specimens years ago in Natal, and its presence there is well known. Curiously enough, only a single specimen has been recorded in the Cape Colony. Mr. E. L. Layard, in his excellent "Birds of South Africa," makes mention of this particular bird, which was killed on the Cape Flats, near Wynberg, as far back as 1864. It may be pointed out, however, that, as a whole, Cape Colony is a much drier country than Natal, and must therefore offer less hospitable quarters to a bird of the landrail's habits.

The gunner, then, carelessly picking up the humble, creeping landrail, and putting it among the partridges of his September bag, may well give a thought to the curious lot and instinct of this shy and unpretending bird. The feathered creature that lies in his hand dead this morning might, but for that charge of shot, have spent its winter far away south in savage Africa, or haply even have winged its flight next spring as far north as inhospitable Greenland. H. A. BRYDEN.

MR. GEORGE BANCROFT AS CASABIANCA.

MR. GEORGE BANCROFT'S play is very dramatic, but his position is even more so: I admire him even more than I admire "Teresa." The wreck of the good ship "Sardou," whence all but he have fled, sinks lower and lower beneath the surface, but he, that lonely, gallant boy, stands on the burning deck with head erect and arms folded, never flinching. Though the flames envelop him and the waters compass him about, he persists, pale but undaunted, on the "well-made" timbers of that dear old craft which he was taught to honour. He is a little hero. He is the hero of his own play.

When the curtain rose on the "Villa Teresa, Lake of Como," I settled down to enjoy myself. Somehow, I always feel thoroughly at home on the Lake of Como, and while two well-trained servants were giving a concise analysis of the principals' careers and characters, I indulged in pleasant anticipation of tragedy to come. Yes! for the Lake of Como, though it looks so blue and smiling on the back-cloth, always portends tragedy. It strikes the key-note of the South, where the passions are swifter, deeper, more lurid; where noblemen lay their hands on their hearts and turn up their eyes and whisper "*The Cause!*" meaning Socialism; where the frequent dagger flashes in the sunlight as it is pressed home to—but I anticipate. I was, indeed, anticipating throughout the whole performance of "Teresa." Plays of that pattern always tempt one to look three or four scenes ahead. Given a clear brain and a little experience of the stage, one can always make a pretty accurate forecast, whose fulfilment comes as a kind of compliment to oneself and puts one in a fine good humour. Given an ornamental dagger—Teresa is given such a dagger in the first act—an Italian heroine is bound to kill somebody with it and, probably, to kill herself also. If she be engaged to an Englishman who has a bad twin-brother—Valentine Elsbrooke, Teresa's *fiancé*, has a bad twin-brother who, in the first act, casts sinister glances after the lady's-maid and talks about some girl whom he has seduced in Vienna—what more natural than that this brother should waylay her and insult her on the eve of her wedding, and that she, not knowing who he is, should stab him with the dagger? This being so, it follows that the body will be duly borne in on a bier, surrounded by picturesque policemen and brothers of the Misericordia. Valentine Elsbrooke and his father lift the pall and recognise the body. They are stricken with grief. Enter Teresa. She lifts the pall. The dead man, her lover's brother, is the man she stabbed that afternoon. She utters a cry. The curtain comes down. Nothing could be more effective, except, perhaps, the scene in the next act, where she confesses to her lover. Count Caprile, Teresa's rejected suitor, tells Valentine that he saw Teresa go out closely veiled, on the eve of her wedding, and meet, in a lonely spot, some man unknown. This story might be a fabrication, or it might be easily explained by Teresa, but Valentine becomes desperate. Exit Caprile. Enter Teresa. Valentine taxes her with wantonness. She kneels to him, and begs him to hear all. He spurns her with violence, and she falls pro-

strate. He is ashamed of himself, and begs her to tell him all. When he hears that she unwittingly murdered his brother, who had insulted her, he tears the mourning band from his sleeve and kisses her effusively. He seems to be quite overjoyed. "In real life," some one next to me muttered, "people wouldn't behave like that." No? But in Sardou's plays they would. And "Teresa" is modelled on Sardou, not on life, as none knows better than our young friend, Casabianca. Every young artist begins with imitation of some elder artist, and one should praise or blame him according as his imitation be good or bad. I refuse to see that Mr. George Bancroft is to be pooh-poohed because he has begun with an imitation of Sardou, not of Ibsen. The question is: has he imitated Sardou well? My description of the plot has been bald and fragmentary, and does no manner of justice to it. As a matter of fact, "Teresa" is a very ingenious piece of work. I do not know that it could be better of its kind. When Mr. Bancroft escapes, as no doubt he will, from the burning wreck of Sardouism, he will drift or swim till he be cast ashore on that happy isle, his own temperament. And there he may do great things.

Meanwhile, his first achievement has been admirably produced at the Garrick. The costumes worn by the players are rather too modern for the atmosphere of the play—they should have been designed by Mr. Percy Anderson, from the fashion-plates of 1880. But the scenery is excellent—never have I seen the Lake of Como to greater advantage—and "the cast is a strong one." Mr. Allan Aynesworth, as the bad twin-brother, somewhat marred his performance by laughing at the end of every sentence. Perhaps he was laughing for very joy that he had at length got a part in which he had to do something more than merely look and sound pleasant. Mr. Laurence Irving was intense and interesting as Count Caprile, and he looked very Italian. Mr. Bouchier, as Valentine, looked very English, but he speaks the language indifferently, and I did not admire his performance—he did not seem to be doing his best. Mr. Bouchier was once a distinguished member of the O.U.D.S. Is he, I wonder, qualifying for re-election? Miss Violet Vanbrugh played the heroine with much grace and power, making the most of all the situations. As the maid, no one except Miss Rosina Filippi could have been so good as Miss Gigia was.

I have also seen "The Three Musketeers" at Cambridge. I remember that when "Trilby" was produced in England a certain critic, who has earned an enviable reputation for austerity, declared that he had refrained from reading the book in order that he might be able to judge the play, impartially, as a play. That was very upright of him, and very creditable to him, but I doubt whether it was also quite sensible. "Trilby" did not pretend to be a play in itself, but rather to be an illustration, a realisation, of certain fictional creatures of which the public was enamoured, and its success or failure depended on the degree in which those creatures were realistically presented, through the new medium, to the public; inasmuch that our friend might have pocketed his austerity and read the book, without scandalising any one on this side of the Tweed. When such books as "The Prisoner of Zenda" or "Under the Red Robe," in which plot is everything and the characters are mere puppets, find their way to the footlights, there is, doubtless, some advantage for that dramatic critic who has denied himself the dubious pleasure of reading them. Though it is by reason of their many editions that they are dramatised, they gain, as plays, an independent existence, and they should be judged independently. Now, "The Three Musketeers" of Dumas is a book which every one knows and loves. Any one who dramatises it must simply aim at making his play a lively reminiscence, a lively representation, of Dumas' heroes. Mr. Henry Hamilton's version, like Mr. Potter's version of "Trilby," should be judged not as a play in itself, but as a reminiscence and representation. Every one knows Porthos, Athos and D'Artagnan—they are old, familiar friends. We have all laughed with them in their taverns, sympathised with them over their love-affairs, applauded their sabre-thrusts, drawn sighs of relief at their escapes. When I

say that we have all done so, you must not suppose that there are no exceptions to this rule. There are, in fact, several exceptions, and I am one of them. I have never read the book. I have often longed to while away an idle month or two in reading it, but, fearing that it might one day be dramatised, and having always had a presentiment that sooner or later I should stumble into dramatic criticism, I have refrained. And now I realise, too late, that my austerity in this case, like Mr. Archer's in the other, has been but a silly error. Not having read the book, I can give no valuable opinion of the play. As a play in itself, Mr. Hamilton's "Three Musketeers" is not very good—it is laborious, diffuse, jumpy. Several critics have gravely complimented Mr. Hamilton on its "literary merit." They were impressed, doubtless, by the beauty of that speech in which Buckingham recalls to Anne of Austria their first meeting. I have not retained the whole speech, but "Do you not remember? The balmy air, the flower-enamelled grass, the starry sky?" will always linger in my mind—words of strange enchantment, delicate triumphs of verbal art. Sometimes Mr. Hamilton suffers his literary sense to mar the naturalness of his dialogue: "And he, leaping on his horse, which was saddled hard by, rode away," is not the kind of thing that people say *viva voce*. However, perhaps Dumas made his characters talk like that. If so, I must not complain. From the tremendous applause with which the play was received, I gathered that Mr. Hamilton had really succeeded in translating the atmosphere of the book to the stage. Never was heartier enthusiasm in any theatre. Mr. Waller has evidently got hold of a great success. Of his performance I speak with no less diffidence than of the play itself. I should imagine, however, that he was a very fine copy of D'Artagnan. His performance seemed to me, *à priori*, very brilliant—even more brilliant, suppler, more varied than his Hotspur. And those members of his company who were not positively good seemed to me "abundantly adequate." But what a pity it is that in plays whose characters bear French names there should always be such discrepancy in pronunciation! In this play, as in others, every member of the cast has his or her own pet theory of pronunciation. "D'Artagnan," for example, is pronounced in every conceivable way, from "D'Artanya" to "D'Artanniong." I think it would be well if all French names were forbidden on our stage. There would be no great difficulty in finding passable equivalents in English. For my part, if ever I dramatised "The Three Musketeers," I shall call the heroes, quite simply, "Brown, Jones and Robinson." MAX.

THE SHARK SCARE.

THE sunspot gave rise to the heat-wave, and the heat-wave, reproducing after its kind, begat in turn strange offspring. Among the family was the shark scare. There was a lesser dysentery scare, but the medical profession was golfing and permitted it to die a profitless death. But the shark scare "caught on." It was invented by our ingenious Mr. Aflalo, and it was welcomed by editors in town and country, who, short-handed in the holidays, generously assigned it spacious quarters in the correspondence column. Seaside lodging-house keepers, who welcome the paying guest, and proprietors of bathing-machines, who, after their light, minister to his comfort, gave the newcomer the beneficial advertisement of their execration. Above all, it came in the nature of a sensation, and sensation is dear to most of us, even with the mercury at ninety in the shade. Why the mere publication of so well-authenticated a fact as the presence of sharks in the Channel should have been construed as a holiday sensation it would be difficult to say. The phenomenon can only be attributed to the amazing ignorance which, thanks to the continued omission of natural history from our educational programme, still prevails on all sides. Seeing is believing, and Couch's coloured plates, like the accurate accounts contemporaneously published by Day, instructed only the few who had access to those works.

As sharks keep for the most part (though one was recently identified within a stone's throw of Dover pier) to the deeper water two or three miles from land, and as they have to contend with the honest doubt of such

landsharks along the coast as object to have their claims spoiled by their marine doubles, the tenure of British sharks in British minds is precarious indeed, and they are generally scorned as figments of the journalistic brain. Considered dispassionately, apart from the qualms of the reduced widow who receives guests, and the local swimming master who saves them from drowning, British sharks are very substantial facts. The largest of them is an innocuous giant that basks in the sunshine and perhaps feeds on nothing larger than a shrimp. But the blue shark and porbeagle, both of which grow to a length of several yards and a weight of hundreds of pounds, are vicious pests and most unwelcome on the fishing grounds. The former takes its favourite pleasure in eating mackerel out of the nets, doing as much damage in its disentanglement as will absorb a fisherman's weekly wage to make good. Wherefore it comes about that, as soon as one is hauled aboard, the fishermen forget their accustomed mildness, and, seizing it close to the tail, belabour with its shovel-shaped head the nearest thwart until peace reigns once more. The porbeagle is a somewhat less active and less vicious animal of duller hue, and of a smell that passes any other on sea or land. To prevent its blood imparting this odour of the *abattoir* to the boat, the porbeagle is usually slain over the side, and is then ignominiously slung in a noose at the bow. The quantities of herrings and other migratory fishes consumed by these sharks would, could we but appraise the damage, appal even the encomiast who has recently, in a sporting contemporary, declared the shark to be a misjudged child of nature. Fortunately they are not ground feeders like the dogfish, and their voracious appetites do not therefore appreciably contribute to the extermination, yearly more apparent and more deplorable, of our soles and other valuable flat fish.

Admitting the presence of these creatures in our seas—though a Liskeard paper has contributed to the discussion its own mite in the shape of an unqualified denial of their existence near our bathing-places—it remains to consider briefly the possible results of the publicity recently given to the fact. The only result up to the present is a mass of more or less interesting correspondence and comment, principally, though by no means exclusively, in the news sheets of the west country whence, it will be remembered, the original scare started on its adventurous career through the press. With two exceptions, however, this literature cannot be said to have contained any startling aids to the truth. But the exceptions are gems. They are the aforementioned Liskeard assurance that no sharks come near the Cornish watering-places, and the declaration, by a slightly abusive and nameless correspondent of the "Field," that sharks are, all the world over, virtually harmless creatures, and that something like one hundred per cent. of the deaths at sea hitherto attributed to the shark have been the result of cramp, paralysis from fear, or some related cause. If we are to accept offhand this remarkable assurance, the death blow is at once dealt at one of the most cherished traditions of ocean life, and the man overboard who, throwing high his hands, disappears in a whirl of red-stained foam, exists only in the pages of boys' books of adventure. For the present, however, knowing on good authority the mighty strength, the vast appetite and the fearless pertinacity of these eagles of the deep, we prefer our orthodox shark, nor shall we complacently permit his dethronement from the well-earned niche in nature's chamber of horrors on proof so slight as the irresponsible statements that appear over a pseudonym. Doubt may be honest, but it is no argument. Beyond this more or less profitless controversy in the press, the scare may, however, have two not unimportant results, and it is to these that we would in conclusion refer. Of its effect on the owner of bathing-machines it is scarcely worth while to take account. If any, it must be beneficial, since many, declining to run the risk of deep-water bathing from boats, will cheerfully submit to the appalling discomforts of the machine. But the publicity lately given to the matter may very well result in extended investigation of the life-history of sharks in our waters, their maximum measurements, their migra-

tions (they are rarely encountered in winter time), and their aggressiveness. We do not actually suggest experiments with dummy men towed astern of rowing boats, for the shark hunts by scent as well as by sight, and the analogy could not be pushed sufficiently far to lend any practical value to the test. But it is impossible to deny that much useful information on the subject might result from inquiry and research. Those who, like the "Field" correspondent, come to praise the shark, and those who, like the rest of us, prefer to bury him, may well agree that, be he harmless or otherwise, the more we learn of him the better for all concerned. As a still more valuable outcome of the shark scare, we should welcome some sign of a concerted attack on the sharks, which are, if no worse, at least costly neighbours for our overtaxed fishermen. The porpoise, to the iniquities of which we recently drew attention, is harmless beside these destructive fish, which touch no carrion wherever live food is abundant, and are therefore useless as scavengers. It is averred that nature placed them in the sea for her own good purpose. This we are not so irreverent as to question. Only it may in fairness be contended that the fisherman came on the scene much later than the fish, and that his good purpose and the good purpose of nature are not invariably one.

THE HABITUAL TRAMP.

SOME incorrigible idealists have attempted from time to time to throw the glamour of romance over the habitual tramp. In a certain class of fiction, for instance, the conventional tramp character is a highly romantic person with the sun in his blood, gifted with an Autolycus-like buoyancy of spirits, who goes singing along the summer lanes, despising the miserable restraints of civilisation, and holding the tattered independence of the open road dearer than the rule and order of a commonplace life of settled industry. To other more serious-minded persons he presents himself as an unfortunate workman, engaged in the strenuous attempt to find employment. In this character he figures largely in the speeches and writings of a certain type of social reformer, to whom his supposed sufferings and his continual disappointments are a constant source of pathos and tearful eloquence. But, whether the colours are laid on for the portrayal of the free vagabond or the ardent work-seeker, the picture has no features in it recognisable by those who know the tramp as he is.

Whoever heard an habitual tramp sing, or even whistle? As he comes slouching down the sunny side of the road his very walk gives the lie to any romantic notion about him. He does not walk; he merely shuffles, weak-kneed and narrow-chested, expectorating freely as he goes. The wind on the heath has no call for him. He hates the country, and regards the open road merely as a wearisome way from one common lodging-house or casual ward to another. As a representative of the true vagabond, to whom the wind and the smell of the earth and the warmth of the sun are sheer physical delights, he is the greatest fraud that ever a novelist or a cockney essayist imagined. He is nothing but an unspeakably dirty and spiritless man, prowling along with an eye to stealing or begging enough for a lodging-house carouse with other members of his tribe.

As for that other notion of him as an unemployed workman seeking occupation, it is too ludicrous to be seriously mentioned. In the course of a tolerably large experience in a rural district with high casual ward figures, I can say that over a number of years I have not met with half a dozen genuine workmen amongst the tramp population. Your regular workman does not go on tramp unless he has a definite promise of work, or a reasonable expectation of it in some definite quarter, at the end of his journey; and when he has that, he can (and generally does) raise the means for making the journey without tramping. If he is out of work without any such definite distant expectation, he stays in his native place, where he is known, and the chances are much more in his favour than in a strange district. If he is young and unhampered, he may go away; but in that case he goes to London or some large centre, and certainly does not take to the road in a vagrant and

aimless way. He knows quite well that employers do not take unknown men from the roads, and that odd jobs—gardening and the like—are not to be picked up casually in the villages, where one invariably finds a few unattached men who do all the local odd-jobbing, and are regularly sent for by any person wanting their services for a day or so. The habitual tramp knows that too; and the notion of looking for work never occurs to him. It is clean beyond his conception of his function in the world. In nine cases out of ten he is physically unfit for it. The men whom he sees working on the other side of the hedge as he shuffles along are in another world than his. They have homes, settled desires and instincts, and a family and friendly circle in a fixed place. To call him "the dregs of the working class" is an entirely false description; for he is outside the class altogether—is a class by himself, ugly, dirty and predatory. And this class is a much larger one than many people imagine. There is scarcely a rural casual ward that does not give its bleak hospitality to scores of these men every week. Their presence in the country is the pressing problem over which every rural Board of Guardians racks its brains at each meeting. Let the conditions of casual-ward administration in any Union be relaxed ever so little in the direction of comfort, and at once an increased stream of casuals sets into it. The devices by whose means every Board attempts to divert the stream from itself to its neighbour are many and ingenious. A slight difference in the quality of the food, or the extent and kind of the labour imposed, will send the tramp on a détour from one union to another. So far the most repellent devices appear to be the stone-yard and a strict enforcement of bathing. The cold bath means a comparatively empty casual ward, provided, of course, that another and preferable casual ward is within walking distance. In many counties the Boards are at last working towards some sort of uniformity of treatment, with what result experience alone will reveal to us.

How, then, do the members of this nomadic tribe manage to live at all? It would surprise most people to know upon how little a man can live who cares nothing about the decencies of life. Most of the expenditure of even the poorest decent person is upon the amenities of life, the bare maintenance of existence being a matter of very small outlay. Dressed in other people's cast-off rags, and having no roof to keep over his head, your tramp can pick up enough for his wants by stealing and begging, and there is always the casual ward. In the winter he goes unconcernedly to prison if he is very hard put to it to manage otherwise. An experienced prison official assures me that our gaols have a regular winter population of this kind. When the cold weather sets in, they deliberately plan to secure prison quarters till the spring. The prison and the common lodging-house—that dirty, squalid and verminous plague-spot in so many of our towns—are their great home centres. For such a life the need for actual money is very slight—a few odd coppers now and again at the most.

To describe this tramp question as the despair of social reformers and poor-law administrators is to use a hackneyed phrase. But it is a very true phrase, in a deeper sense than it is generally intended to carry. For, while it is no part of my purpose here to make administrative suggestions, I may at least point out that the present methods of dealing with this ragged and unpleasant army of disinherited people are only the methods of despair. Dealing with them, do I say? The sole endeavour of our local authorities is to shirk dealing with them, to pass them on to the next union, to devise methods for scaring them into avoidance of this or that particular casual ward, with a shocking violation of every humane instinct and a criminal waste of public money in the process. I believe that our guardians would try the effect of branding if they dared. That is in the direct line of their present policy, which is merely to make relief arduous and unpleasant to the receiver. Not along that line will the problem be successfully worked out. Indolent to the very marrow of his bones, dirty and depraved as the average tramp is, is there no fault, no responsibility for him, elsewhere? Nothing of all our shame in his shamefulness?

Do we do nothing to breed him? Or leave nothing undone to make a decent life possible for him? Perhaps it is a great deal easier to ask such questions than to answer them; but they insist upon asserting themselves behind all our detestation, like the growlings of an uneasy conscience. For my part, I cannot regard the tramp population of shiftless wasters with feelings of aversion alone. It is difficult for an educated man to put himself in the skin of one of these and try to realise what life means to him—life narrowed in its horizons to the workhouse and the prison. That men should be born to this (for most of them are born into it, or at best have a very little way to fall before reaching it), should have no outlook but this and be indolently contented to have none, calls, I think, for more than aversion. Something of shame and much of compassion—surely these too are imperative upon us, and hold the promise of a more effective wiping out of the evil than our present methods seem likely to accomplish.

H.

MONEY MATTERS.

IT has been an unlucky year for the Stock Markets. War and war's alarms have caused most securities to play a continual game of see-saw, and though hardened speculators may have found their advantage in the process, the steady-going investor has been made uncomfortable by the incessant fluctuations in the value of his holdings. Difficulties in China, in Eastern Europe, in West Africa; "open doors," "spheres of influence," "suzerainties," all have had their turn, and no sooner has one scare subsided than another has been ready to take its place. This week, just as the Tsar's eirenicon, the Anglo-German agreement, the less aggressive attitude of Russia in the Far East, the end of the Spanish-American war, the victory of Omdurman, and the Bond success in the Cape elections, were all beginning to have their effect in steadying the market and causing a steady and justifiable improvement in the value of good securities, the news that the French were at Fashoda, and the recrudescence of disturbances in Crete intervened to damp the enthusiasm of the "bulls," and checked the activity which, to the joy of brokers and jobbers, was being rapidly substituted for the stagnation of the past few months. We do not anticipate, however, that either of these incidents will exercise a permanently depressing effect. The Cretan disturbances are of slight importance and are not likely to cause any international complications. Major Marchand's arrival at Fashoda, if the news should be confirmed, will be of more serious import, but here also there is little doubt that diplomacy will be able to settle the knotty point, as it was able to settle the difficulties on the other side of the African Continent not long ago. The other disturbing influence of the week has been the uncertainty with regard to the position of the Dreyfus business. Paris has been in a state of nerves all the week and Internationals and Kaffirs especially have suffered correspondingly. If, as seems probable, the revision of the Dreyfus trial is resolved upon within the next few days, Paris will be more at ease and we shall look for an immediate resumption of activity during the Account which has just begun.

The Bank Return on Thursday showed a still further improvement in the position and makes it unlikely that there will be any increase in the Bank Rate for some time to come. A reduction to $2\frac{1}{2}$ or even 2 per cent. seems, indeed, quite possible in the near future. The reserve increased on the week by £230,617, and the proportion of reserve to liabilities rose 0.31 per cent. to 49.31 per cent. There is a strong demand for gold for America and the Continent, but the fears of stringency in New York appear to be gradually vanishing. A good deal of gold is at present on the way to England. Day-to-day outside discount rates are as low as $\frac{1}{4}$ to $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., whilst the three-months' rate is steady at $1\frac{1}{8}$ to $1\frac{1}{4}$. Consols, after having been easier on account of Fashoda and Crete, are now firm again, and Internationals on renewed support from Paris are also better.

The Settlement which concluded on Thursday showed no great changes in the Home Railway Market, and

such movements as occurred were irregular. North British Ordinary were marked down 4 points in consequence of the unsatisfactory dividend announcement, and London and North Western fell 2½. South Western Consolidated on the other hand rose 3 points, and the Preferred and Deferred each 1. The small Rhymney Railway, however, showed the biggest rise, the undivided Ordinary stock rising 7 points from 255 to 262 in consequence of the termination of the South Wales Coal Strike. Fears of dearer money have had a depressing effect upon most Home Railway stocks during the week and slight declines have been marked, Great Western, however, being 2 points lower than last week. London and South Western Ordinary, South Eastern Ordinary and Great Central are the only exceptions, these stocks having risen each 1 point. The market is now slightly firmer, but for the moment interest is lacking, and fluctuations are not likely to be of importance until the traffic receipts of the present half-year begin to give some idea of what the next dividend distributions are likely to be. Last week's returns are on the whole satisfactory. The North Eastern had the largest increase, viz. £10,554, but the South Western followed it closely with an increase of £10,288, the rest being far behind these two. Great Western showed a decrease of £7580, which compares well with the decrease of £10,000 in the preceding week, and still better with the average weekly decrease during the first nine weeks of the current half-year of £13,500. It is to be noted, moreover, that the week's decrease of £7580 stands against an increase of £14,280 last year.

NET YIELD OF BRITISH RAILWAY STOCKS.

ENGLISH RAILWAYS.

Company.	Dividends 1897-8.	Price 15 Sept.	Yield p. c.
Brighton Deferred.....	7	176½	3 19 5
Great Northern "A"	2½	54	3 18 8
Midland Deferred	3½	86½	3 18 0
Great Northern Deferred ...	2½	56½	3 14 10
North Eastern	6½	175½	3 12 7
South Eastern Deferred ...	3½	107½	3 12 1
North Western	7	199	3 10 5
Lancashire and Yorkshire ..	5½	147½	3 9 5
Brighton Ordinary.....	6½	185	3 8 11
Great Northern Preferred...	4	121	3 6 1
South Western Deferred ...	3	91½	3 5 6
South Eastern Ordinary ...	4½	153	2 19 7
Midland Preferred	2½	84½	2 19 4
South Western Ordinary ...	6½	225½	2 18 9
Metropolitan	3½	128	2 18 7
Great Eastern	3½	120½	2 18 2
Great Western	4½	166½	2 17 1
Great Central Preferred ...	1½	62	2 8 4

SCOTCH RAILWAYS.

Company.	Dividends, 1897-8.	Price 15 Sept.	Yield per cent.
North British	1	90½	1 2 1
Caledonian	5	153	3 5 4
Glasgow & South Western	5½	83	6 3 5
Great Northern	3½	88	3 13 10
Highland.....	1½	72½	1 14 5

American Rails presented a much less cheerful appearance at the carry-over on Tuesday. With the exception of Central Pacifics, which rose 1½ on the account, all American descriptions were marked down, the biggest declines being in Milwaukee and Union Pacifics, both of which fell 4 points. Wabash "B" Debentures and Southern Prefs. fell 3½, Northern Pacifics 3, Louisville 2½, Wabash Preferred 2, and the rest correspondingly. The reaction would seem, therefore, to have set in, although, towards the end of the week, there was a slight recovery, due to the easier condition of the money market in New York. Attempts are being made in several quarters to engineer a further advance in this department, but in view of the high level to which prices have already been raised we do not think it will be successful. Canadians, on the other hand, are likely to improve with the definite settlement of the rate war. The Canadian Pacific is already

restoring rates, and the stock of this Company, and the various Grand Trunk stocks, should benefit considerably. Canadian Pacifics are far from having reached the level the prospects of the Company would justify. At present Canada has the brightest prospects of any of our colonies, and the rapid development of her many and great resources, mineral and agricultural, cannot fail to bring prosperity to her railways.

COMPARISON OF PRICES OF AMERICAN RAILWAY STOCKS BEFORE THE WAR AND NOW.

Railway.	Price 28 January.	Price 15 Sept.	Differ- ence.
Atchison and Topeka	13½	13	- ½
Central Pacific	14	21	+ 7
Chicago and Milwaukee ...	99½	112	+ 12½
Denver Preferred	51½	56½	+ 5
Illinois Central	109½	115	+ 5½
Louisville.....	58½	57	- 1½
New York Central.....	112½	120	+ 7½
North Pacific Preference ...	68½	78	+ 9½
Pennsylvania	60	60	0
Wabash Preference	19½	20	+ ½

Industrials have suffered from inanition during the week, but a good deal of interest is now being displayed in various approaching dividends, and "forecasts," sanguine and the reverse, are beginning to fly about. Making-up prices on Tuesday showed few changes of importance, except rises of 6 points in Welsbach Ordinary from 103 to 109, and of 2½ in J. & P. Coats Ordinary. The Coats dividend for the year ending 30 June, 1898, is being a good deal talked about, and a fair amount of gambling is going on in the shares. In the case of such a huge trading concern any forecast of the dividend would be merely guesswork if the dividend depended merely on the profits of the year; but, as the Company has a very big reserve, the dividend really depends upon the policy pursued by the directors. Last year the dividend was 20 per cent., and there is no doubt that at least this distribution will be repeated this year. At 62½, the present price of the £10 shares, the yield would, however, only be 3¼ per cent., and to justify the price a much higher dividend must be declared. To yield 5 per cent. to the investor, for instance, the dividend would have to be 30 per cent. Last year before the dividend was announced 30 per cent. was confidently expected, and when the announcement of 20 per cent. was made the shares fell 11 points on the day from 69½ to 58. But last year £100,000 was written off the profits by the rearrangement of the accounts, and £150,000 was placed to depreciation and reserve account. To pay 30 per cent. instead of 20 per cent. on the Ordinary shares £300,000 more will have to be distributed, and should the same amount be absorbed by the depreciation and reserve funds as last year, the profits must have increased £200,000, or nearly 20 per cent., in order to pay the higher dividend. On the whole, therefore, we think that J. & P. Coats shares already stand quite high enough.

NET YIELD OF INDUSTRIAL COMPANIES.

Company.	Dividend 1897. Per cent.	Price 15 Sept.	Yield per cent.
Bovril Deferred.....	5	8	8 0 0
Do. Ordinary	7	15	7 9 4
Mazawattee Tea	8	18	5 16 4
Linotype Deferred (£5)	9	7½	5 16 1
Holborn & Frascati.....	10 ⁽¹⁾	19	5 14 3
D. H. Evans & Co.....	12	28	5 12 11
National Telephone (£5)	6	5½	5 9 1
Spiers & Pond (£10)	10	19	5 5 3
Linotype Ordinary (£5)	6	5½	5 4 4
Salmon & Gluckstein ...	8	18	4 18 5
Bryant & May (£5) ...	17½	18	4 17 2
Jay's	7½	19	4 16 0
Eley Brothers (£10) ...	17½	37	4 14 7
Harrod's Stores	20	4½	4 14 1
Swan & Edgar	5	18	4 8 10
Savoy Hotel (£10)	7½	17	4 8 2
Jones & Higgins	9½	24	4 4 5
J. & P. Coats (£10) ...	20	63½	3 2 11

⁽¹⁾ Including bonus of 2 per cent.

The Saturday Review

No. 2238, Vol. 86.

17 September, 1898.

GRATIS.

MACMILLAN AND CO.'S NEW BOOKS.

BISMARCK.

SOME SECRET PAGES OF HIS HISTORY.

BEING A DIARY KEPT BY
DR. MORITZ BUSCH during Twenty-five Years'
Official and Private Intercourse with the great Chancellor.
In Three Volumes 8vo. 30s. net.

NEW AND CHEAPER EDITION IN ONE VOLUME.

Extra crown 8vo. 10s. net.

FORTY-ONE YEARS IN INDIA.

By FIELD-MARSHAL LORD ROBERTS, V.C.

WITH FORTY-FOUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

Daily Telegraph: "It is truly wonderful how Lord Roberts has managed to tell so much about the stirring events in which he took an active part, and often a first place, without for a moment intruding his manifest wisdom in council and patent bravery in the field upon the reader."

NEW VOLUME OF STORIES BY THE LATE MRS. OLIPHANT.

Crown 8vo. 6s.

THAT LITTLE CUTTY, DR. BARRÈRE,

ISABEL DYSART. By Mrs. OLIPHANT.

BY F. MARION CRAWFORD. New and Cheaper Edition in One Volume.

CORLEONE: a Tale of Sicily. Crown 8vo. 6s.

Morning Post: "A delightful novel."

Pall Mall Gazette: "A splendid romance."

MACMILLAN'S 3s. 6d. SERIES. New Volume.

A ROSE OF YESTERDAY. By F. MARION CRAWFORD.

"It is told with all Mr. Crawford's refinement and subtlety. . . . There is something in 'A Rose of Yesterday' which makes the book linger with a distinct aroma of its own in the reader's memory."—*Speaker*.

NEW VOLUME BY MRS. BERNARD BOSANQUET. Crown 8vo. 3s. 6d.

THE STANDARD OF LIFE, and other

Studies. By Mrs. BERNARD BOSANQUET, Author of "Rich and Poor."

MACMILLAN & CO., LIMITED, LONDON.

THE CLASSICS FOR THE MILLION.

Being an Epitome in English of the Works of the Principal Greek and Latin Authors. By HENRY GREY.

A New and Revised Edition (completing eighteen thousand).
Crown 8vo. cloth, 3s. 6d.

Notes and Queries:—"As a popular work it is of great utility, being well executed and trustworthy throughout. Seldom, indeed, has more useful information been condensed into smaller space."

BY THE SAME AUTHOR.

A KEY TO THE WAVERLEY NOVELS.

In Chronological Sequence. With Index of the Principal Characters.

An entirely New Edition, Revised and Enlarged (completing eight thousand). Crown 8vo. cloth, 2s. 6d. [Nearly ready.]

*. AUTUMN LIST OF BOOKS POST FREE.

LONDON: JOHN LONG, 6 CHANDOS STREET, STRAND.

J. M. DENT & CO.'S LIST.

WITH SKI AND SLEDGE OVER ARCTIC GLACIERS.

By Sir WILLIAM MARTIN CONWAY, M.A., F.S.A., F.R.G.S. With Illustrations from Photographs by E. J. GARWOOD. Crown 8vo. gilt top, 6s. net.
Pall Mall Gazette:—"It is deeply interesting and most clearly and pleasantly written."

MEDIEVAL TOWN SERIES.—First Volume.

THE STORY OF PERUGIA. By MARGARET SYMONDS and LINA DUFF GORDON. With Photogravure Portrait and Plan of the Town. With Illustrations by Miss Helen James. Small crown 8vo. 3s. 6d. net.

St. James's Gazette:—"Perugia" is a very charming book, which gives a better idea of mediæval Italy and the mediæval man than many more pretentious volumes."

IN PURSUIT OF THE TROUT. By GEORGE A. B. DEWAR.

With Photogravure Frontispiece. Square fcap. 8vo. 2s. 6d. net.

Scotsman:—"A strong love of nature's beauties, and great familiarity with the birds, flowers and trees of the riverside, add to the attractiveness of these most readable angling sketches."

THE CRICKETER'S BIRTHDAY BOOK. By PERCY CROSS STANDING. Fcap. 8vo. cloth, 2s. net.

THE LYRICAL POEMS OF ROBERT BROWNING.

Edited by ERNEST RHYS. With a Photogravure Portrait. Limp cloth, 2s. 6d. net.

THE TEMPLE CLASSICS.

Under the General Editorship of ISRAEL GOLLANZ.

Pott 8vo. with an Etched or Photogravure Frontispiece. Limp cloth, 1s. 6d. net; limp lambskin leather, 2s. net. LATEST VOLUMES (see special Prospectus).

Daily Telegraph:—"Unsurpassed as a cheap, artistic, and, what is more, SCHOLARLY Edition."

THE HIGH HISTORY OF THE HOLY GRAIL. Translated for the first time from the French by Dr. SEBASTIAN EVANS. With Appendix. With Frontispiece and Titles by Sir Edwin Burne-Jones. In two vols.

BEN JONSON'S DISCOVERIES. Edited by the General Editor.

THACKERAY'S ESMOND. In 2 vols. Edited by WALTER JERROLD.

BUNYAN'S PILGRIM'S PROGRESS. Edited by Rev. CHARLES PLATTS.

MORE'S UTOPIA. Edited by ROBERT STEELE.

PARADISE REGAINED, and other Poems. Edited by W. H. D. ROUSE.

THE GOLDEN BOOK OF MARCUS AURELIUS. Edited by W. H. D. ROUSE.

LONGFELLOWS HIAWATHA. Edited by the General Editor.

SELDEN'S TABLE TALK. Edited by the General Editor.

JUST READY.

A NEW EDITION OF JANE AUSTEN'S NOVELS.

Edited by R. BRIMLEY JOHNSON. With 60 Coloured Illustrations by C. E. and H. M. Brock. With Coloured Portrait and a special Cover Design by Paul Woodroffe. In 10 volumes, fcap 8vo., 1s. 5s. net; or, in cloth box, 1s. 8s. 6d. net. Each novel 5s. net the two volumes

Copies of the General Catalogue and of any Prospectus will be forwarded post free on application.

J. M. DENT & CO., 29 & 30 BEDFORD STREET, W.C.

JUST PUBLISHED. Price 2s. 6d.

THE PRINCIPLES OF FRENCH GRAMMAR.

with numerous Exercises. By C. S. LE HARIVEL. Ancien Professeur de la Ville de Paris, Lecturer on French at the Free Church Training College, Edinburgh, &c.

"A simple and well-graded exposition of French Grammar, illustrated at every step by practical Exercises, and supplemented by a Vocabulary which makes the book self-contained, and suitable for study without recourse to a dictionary."—*Scotsman*.

EDINBURGH: OLIVER & BOYD.

LONDON: SIMPKIN, MARSHALL & CO., LIMITED.

AGENCY FOR AMERICAN BOOKS.

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS, PUBLISHERS & BOOK-SELLERS, of 27 and 29 West 23rd Street, New York, and 24 BEDFORD STREET, STRAND, LONDON, W.C., desire to call the attention of the READING PUBLIC to the excellent facilities presented by their Branch House in London for filling, on the most favourable terms, orders for their own STANDARD PUBLICATIONS, and for ALL AMERICAN BOOKS and PERIODICALS.

CATALOGUE sent on application

GORDON AVENGED.

NOW READY.—CHEAP EDITION.

THE JOURNAL OF MAJ.-GEN. C. G. GORDON, C.B., at KHARTOUM.

Cheap Edition, crown 8vo. 3s. 6d.

"Will be read by the whole of the English-speaking races of the world."—THE TIMES.

KEGAN PAUL, TRENCH, TRUBNER, & CO., LIMITED, PATERNOSTER HOUSE, CHARING CROSS ROAD, W.C.

SUPPLEMENT.

LONDON: 17 SEPTEMBER, 1898.

ENGLISH GRAMMAR AND COMPOSITION.

- "Principles of English Grammar." By G. R. Carpenter. New York: Macmillan.
- "The English Language." By W. H. Low, M.A. London: University Correspondence College Press.
- "Historical English and Derivation." By J. C. Nesfield, M.A. London: Macmillan.
- "An Elementary Old English Grammar." By A. J. Wyatt. Cambridge: University Press.
- "Stylography of the English Language." By Dr. Shaha. Calcutta: Patrick Press.
- "A First Book in Writing English." By Edwin Herbert Lewis. New York: Macmillan.
- "A Short Spelling Manual." By W. W. Cheriton. London: Rivingtons.

PROFESSOR CARPENTER has succeeded in writing an admirable little book on "The Principles of English Grammar," and one which marks the progress that has been made in the teaching of the subject during the last twenty years. Instead of the mechanical repetition of rules and definitions, followed by exercises in parsing and analysis, he gives in simple and lucid fashion a reasonable explanation of the usages of language, in accordance with the results of philological research. From his book no pupil could learn grammar by rote, but no boy or girl who works through it can fail to obtain a clear idea of the structure of the language. Mr. W. H. Low's book contains a great deal more information, no doubt, than Professor Carpenter's, and will probably serve its purpose, which is that of a cram-book, but it has no distinctive feature to mark it off from the large number of books of its kind. Mr. J. C. Nesfield, on the other hand, has done a useful work in his text-book of "Historical English and Derivation," which is crammed full of information, but is in no sense a cram-book. He covers the whole ground with great fulness and gives all the most recent information with regard to the history of our language. As a text-book for the higher classes his work should prove very valuable. From it the advanced student may pass to Mr. A. J. Wyatt's severe and business-like "Elementary Old English Grammar," a misnomer, since it follows the bad custom of calling the Early West Saxon dialect Old English. Mr. Wyatt makes it clear at the outset, however, that his grammar is not a grammar of Old English, so that no harm is done beyond the perpetuation of the misnomer. We could have wished that the author had been a little less severe and business-like in his method. A short halt now and then in the march of paradigms of conjugations and inflections, and an excursion into the more attractive realms of comparative grammar and the connexion of modern English with the early dialects, would have brightened the student's task.

Two masters undertake to initiate the young idea into the mysteries of English Composition. The first speaks from Calcutta, and explains, unconsciously, of course, how that strange product, Babu-English, has arisen. Dr. Shaha is medical officer at a Civil Engineering College, and his book on "The Stylography of the English Language" is edited by his son, Radhika Nath Shaha. When we first opened the book we thought the binders had made a mistake and had put the sheets of a text-book of algebra within the covers. Lecture III., for instance, starts thus: "Students and Gentlemen,—In the two preceding lectures I have shown you naked and clothed formula of N, naked and clothed formula of V, and those of IV and PV. I have shown you the Post-joiners of all these to be one and the same, and that the Ante-joiners varied substantially in N and V, though very little in the different varieties of V, IV and PV." The pages abound with formulas like this (it is called a PV Medium Mono-simple Formula):

"The naturalist stood looking at the awful spectacles with composure.

$$\begin{array}{|c|c|c|} \hline 1 & 2 & 3 \\ \hline 1^1 N & V & PV \ 33 \\ \hline 1 & 2 & 4 \\ \hline \end{array} = P''$$

There are sixteen lectures on this plan and after

listening to them all we should be surprised if a student were in a condition to write any language at all. Professor Lewis's "First Book in Writing English" should rather have been entitled a "First Book in Writing American," since it is evidently intended for American students and would not be a very suitable text-book on this side of the Atlantic. Professor Lewis's own style is very American and occasionally he is amusing. Here, for instance, is one hint. "In the sentence 'I picked up my traps and left,' the colloquialism 'traps' answers every essential purpose. The reader does not care to have tooth-brush and books and papers all specified;" or again, "it is a mark of false modesty and bad taste to insist on saying 'rose' for 'got up,' 'retire' for 'go to bed,' 'lower limbs' for 'legs.' We trust the American youth will benefit by the suggestions of Professor Lewis. Mr. Cheriton's "Short Spelling Manual" is a useful collection of the more difficult words for use in preparatory schools.

PHYSICS.

- "An Elementary Course of Physics." By J. C. P. Aldous, W. D. Eggar, and F. R. Barrell. London: Macmillan.
- "First-stage Magnetism and Electricity." By R. H. Jude. London: Clive.
- "Electrical Traction." By Ernest Wilson. London: Arnold.
- "On Laboratory Arts." By R. Threlfall. London: Macmillan.

ONE of the best books of the "Britannia Science Series" is "An Elementary Course of Physics," edited by the Rev. J. C. P. Aldous; it covers the whole ground of physics in a simple, intelligent manner; it is practical, and can be read with profit by any one who has almost the minimum of mathematical knowledge. There is an excellent chapter on wave motion, and it is greatly to be regretted that with such a starting-point the section on light was not treated in its entirety from the wave-theory point of view; this would have disposed effectively of such misleading phrases as "pencils of rays" and the like. In dealing with polarisation and analogous subjects, Mr. Eggar is forced to adopt the wave theory or leave the matter unexplained; the reader, if accustomed to view all the phenomena of light by this theory, would be able to grasp these somewhat difficult problems far more quickly and understand them more thoroughly. With this and one or two other exceptions the book is a perfectly sound, popular exposition of modern physics, which can be safely recommended to the ordinary reader. Mention should also be made of the capital woodcuts with which the volume is illustrated.

One's feelings in turning from such a book as this to another of the ordinary examination type are not pleasant, and yet Mr. Jude's "First-stage Magnetism and Electricity" is by no means one of the worst of its kind. In so far as it has to deal with the South Kensington syllabus, it is compelled to overweight itself with much needless work in electrostatics; but the difficult subject of Electric Potential is placed before the student in quite the commencement of the book, and is kept well before his notice. The chapter on Electromagnetism is written to a great extent from the "lines-of-force" point of view—a considerable advance in treatises of this sort. The book will be useful to those working for South Kensington, and they will certainly get no notions from it which will subsequently have to be discarded.

The subject of Electrical Traction is yearly growing in importance. London already bids fair to become intersected by numbers of underground electric railroads, which should go far to solve the traffic problem. But, generally, America is greatly in advance, having no less than some 13,000 miles of tram and railway electrically driven as against 1000 miles or so in Europe. Mr. Wilson's book is a practical treatment of Electrical Traction for the technical student, and should at once take a high place as such. All the important points are adequately treated, and but few statements are made which are not proved or illustrated by examples from actual practice. There are good accounts of the various conducting systems for supplying the current to the cars or locomotives, and the question of direct and polyphase currents is fully discussed. The book is well got up, and the diagrams and photographs numerous and interesting.

In "On Laboratory Arts" Mr. Threlfall has given us a detailed account of various methods and processes which he has used in the construction of apparatus for the physical laboratory. The book is no encyclopædia, the subjects dealt with are comparatively few; but it is both practical and practicable—the author never goes about in a blindfold manner, but always endeavours to find some reason for the success or non-success of any particular device. There is an extremely good chapter on the production of quartz fibres, and another on glass-blowing, which will be found full of useful hints, although a somewhat unnecessarily complicated blow-pipe arrangement is described. The book should find a place on the shelf of every laboratory, and will help in superseding those useless technical cyclopædias whose vagueness and absence of detail often renders them quite untrustworthy.

CHEMICAL SCIENCE.

- "Handbooks of Practical Science. No. II. Chemical Experiments." By G. H. Wyatt. London: Rivingtons.
 "A First Year's Course of Experimental Work in Chemistry." By E. H. Cook. London: Edward Arnold.
 "Chemical Analysis, Qualitative and Quantitative." By Briggs and Stewart. London: Clive.
 "Tutorial Chemistry. Part II. Metals." By G. H. Bailey. London: Clive.
 "Elementary General Science." By Simmons and Jones. London: Macmillan.

EACH year sees the issue of a large number of books dealing with elementary practical chemistry for whose existence there is no reasonable cause. For the most part these wander helplessly along the old, worn-out lines; first come experiments as numerous as useless intended to illustrate the meaning of chemical action, then follows a little gambol at random amongst the elementary gases, and the book usually winds up with tests for the metals and some easy qualitative analysis. Of late there has been a great improvement in the introduction of quantitative work, but it is usually placed away shyly by itself at the end of the book, instead of being put boldly from the first among other important work, such as the isolation and purification of some of the products obtained by the beginner in his various experiments. The number of both elementary and advanced students who can make a decent preparation of a pure chemical in a crystalline state is alarmingly small, and the manual and tutorial value, too, of any teaching in practical chemistry which fails to incorporate this with the other necessary work is but small. It is quite time for the authors of books on practical chemistry to realise that a knowledge of the much-vaunted "testing," raised to a position of false importance by dunderheads at South Kensington, is far better obtained unconsciously by the student in the course of his other work than by the detestable tables of identification which continually find reissue in practically similar forms.

Mr. Wyatt's Practical Chemistry is a small book costing a few pence, but it serves no practical purpose. The spirit of all the old experiments of all the old primers of chemistry is retained; there is next to no quantitative work, there is no new feature. Books of this type appear to be written simply and solely that they may be bought and used by the pupils of the school whose science master concocts them. There are dozens of them on the market, and they are all equally bad; each fresh one only reveals the name of another school where the teaching of chemistry is utterly misunderstood.

A considerable step in advance is taken by Mr. Cook's "First Year's Course in Experimental Chemistry," where, at any rate, the student is taught to make simple physical determinations of melting, boiling-points, and the like, and there is a fair amount of quantitative work of a useful sort. A great deal of unnecessary work is retained, and is religiously placed by itself, as some strange custom would seem to dictate, in the first half of the book.

Briggs and Stewart's "Chemical Analysis" is a work of the usual examination "cram" type, apparently meant to be adapted to the new syllabus of the London University for the Intermediate Science Examination which comes into force in 1900. Ninety per cent of the book is occupied by tests and tables of the commonplace sort, and in the remainder the volumetric analysis now demanded by the University is dealt with most inadequately. It is an attempt to get the student through on the least possible amount of knowledge. The book is badly printed, and is altogether an unsatisfactory piece of work.

A far more creditable volume is the same firm's "Tutorial Chemistry, Vol. II.," by Mr. G. H. Bailey, a text-book which will prove really useful as an adjunct to lectures. The important developments of physical chemistry, such as the theory of solution and the like, are treated of with a fair degree of thoroughness, and are accurate and up-to-date. The section devoted to the metals is rather too brief, and there is no description of the physical appearance of many of the minerals and compounds dealt with—an omission which should be rectified. The book, which is full of information and contains no superfluous matter, should prove successful.

Simmons and Jones's "Elementary General Science" covers the ground of matriculation science very intelligibly. It is not easy in dealing with Physics, Mechanics, and Chemistry, for the beginner in one volume to decide what to include and what to omit; however, the authors have been very successful in this respect. The section on light is the least satisfactory—it should have been treated from the wave-theory point of view instead of in the traditional manner. The quantitative and experimental sides are kept well to the fore, and the experiments are, for the most part, useful and suggestive.

NATURAL SCIENCE.

- "Elements of Histology." By Klein and Edkins. Cassell.
 "Lessons with Plants." By L. H. Bailey. New York: The Macmillan Company.
 "The Chemistry of the Garden. A Primer for Amateurs and Young Gardeners." By H. H. Cousins. Macmillan.

DR. KLEIN'S "Elements of Histology" appears in a new and enlarged edition, this time with Dr. Edkins as co-author. The book has been completely revised and brought

up to date, and as far as it goes is quite the standard work on histology. Since the introduction of Weigart and Pal's method of staining medullated nerve fibre and Golgi's silver process, brilliant researches have been carried out by Kölliker, Ramón y Cajal, and others, which have thrown an immense amount of light on the ultimate structure of the brain, the spinal cord, and the sense-organs. The results of all this recent work are included in the new edition. It is most amply illustrated, and will undoubtedly continue to have a steadily increasing circulation amongst medical students and others interested in animal histology.

Mr. L. H. Bailey's "Lessons with Plants" is a welcome addition to a gradually increasing number of books which have some form or other of simple nature teaching as their aim. Practically the whole of the work in this volume can be accomplished with the naked eye, aided by a certain amount of gumption. There is no hint of the laboratory in its pages, and all questions of minute structure are left severely alone. For younger children this is no doubt as it should be, but we must be on our guard that the reaction against the specialisation of the laboratory does not go so far as to overlook and neglect its useful results and lessons. Mr. Bailey does not fall into this error, and notwithstanding that a large number of the plants used for illustration are American ones, the book should be taken advantage of by every one who is tired of teaching botany in the old methods, and who has a sufficiently free hand to strike out for himself along the suggestive lines opened up for him by Mr. Bailey. The pupil will be all the fresher and more observant after such a course of study when he comes to deal with more advanced botanical problems whose solutions are not so obvious.

Mr. Cousins' "Chemistry of the Garden" is a capital little primer, couched in plain language, popular in style, free from needless technicalities, and thoroughly practical in character. It is precisely the book for County Council and other lecturers on agriculture in rural districts to obtain for their auditors' use. It is full of sound common sense on the important topics of soil and manuring, and forms a good basis for a further knowledge of the subject.

SOME FRENCH BOOKS.

- "The Principles of French Grammar." By C. S. Le Harivel. Edinburgh: Oliver.
 "Scenes of Child Life." By Mrs. J. G. Frazer. London: Macmillan.
 "Nouvelles Contemporaines." By J. Duhamel, M.-ès-A. London: Rivingtons.
 "The Age of Richelieu" Edited by A. Jamson Smith, M.A. London: Black.
 "L'Anneau d'Argent." Edited by Louis Sers, B.-ès-L. London: Macmillan.
 "Le Verre d'Eau." Edited by F. F. Roget, B.A. London: Macmillan.
 "L'Avare." Edited by W. G. Isbister, B.A., and A. Garnaud, B.-ès-Sc. London: Pitman.

THERE are two ways of learning foreign languages. One is to go to the country and study the language colloquially, acquiring a certain standard of conversational fluency before troubling to undertake grammatical studies; the other course open to the student is the drier, and what the Germans would call "undankbarer," method of approaching the language through books. The former is not only the pleasanter method, but by far the easier and more rapid path to the acquisition of a thorough practical knowledge. Comparatively few people, however, are able to avail themselves of it; which is, no doubt, a fortunate thing for those who write instructive books with a view to facilitating the labours of the less happily circumstanced, who are compelled to adopt the more usual and academic course of scientific study.

Mr. Le Harivel's grammar is a well-arranged treatise of the old-fashioned type; although it sets forth the perils and pitfalls of the French language in a rather alarming array. A capital little book, and one which can be in every way recommended, is Mrs. Frazer's humorously illustrated "Scenes of Child Life." To combine genuine fun with effectual teaching is a great and useful achievement. Many of the "Scenes" are admirable, and possess a quiet humour that will amuse grown-up people as well as the children for whom they are intended. Some good examples of French prose are collected under the title "Nouvelles Contemporaines." Four of the stories are by living members of the French Academy; and at the beginning of each Mr. Duhamel has placed a short biographical sketch of the author. The book is, of course, intended for advanced students. With a similar object in view, Messrs. Black have issued a little book entitled "The Age of Richelieu," by French contemporaries and historians, to which Mr. Jamson Smith has appended some valuable notes and exercises. A book of the same type is "L'Anneau d'Argent," by Charles de Bernard, of whom Thackeray remarked that he was more remarkable than any other French author for writing like a gentleman. Mr. Louis Sers has added notes which will be of great assistance to the student. Easier reading is provided by Scribe's "Le Verre d'Eau," issued in Messrs. Macmillan's series of Foreign School Classics, with an interesting little introduction by Mr. Roget. Finally, there is a capital edition of Molière's "L'Avare," which is so richly provided with foot-notes as to almost obviate the necessity of a dictionary.

A SELECTION FROM
**Messrs. C. ARTHUR PEARSON'S
ANNOUNCEMENTS.**

THE LAND OF THE PIGMIES. By Captain GUY BURROWS. Dedicated, by permission, to His Majesty the King of the Belgians. With Introduction by H. M. STANLEY, M.P. Demy 8vo. cloth, with over 200 Illustrations. Price 21s.

Captain Burrows, late of the Second Fusiliers, and now Captain Commandant in the service of the Congo Free State, has explored much territory never before visited by white men. The country known as the district of the Upper Uelle lies between the M'Booner River in the north, and the Aruwimi in the south. With the exception of the Pigmies the tribes inhabiting it are all cannibals. The Pigmies are a strange race of undersized men, generally little over four feet in height. Very few travellers have ever seen them, and the author, having lived among them, has had a unique opportunity of studying their strange customs and habits, of which he has now written a most interesting account.

SPINIFEX AND SAND, a Narrative of Five Years' Pioneering and Exploration in Western Australia. By the Hon. DAVID CARNEGIE. With Illustrations by Ernest Smythe and from Photographs, together with Three Maps. Demy 8vo. cloth. Price 21s.

Mr. Carnegie's volume is chiefly made up of a narrative of an exploring expedition from Coolgardie across the waterless, sandy deserts of the interior to the Kimberley district, and of the retraversing of the sand ridges by a route further to the east, finally returning to Coolgardie after a journey of over 3000 miles, more than half of which was through country previously unexplored.

A Special Prospectus of the above two volumes may be had on application.

NEW SIX-SHILLING NOVELS.

THE ADVENTURES OF CAPT. KETTLE. By C. J. CUTLIFFE HYNE, Author of "The Paradise Coal Boat," &c. Illustrated by Stanley L. Wood. [5 October.

THE PHANTOM ARMY. Being the Story of a Man and a Mystery. By MAX PEMBERTON, Author of "Queen of the Jesters," "Kronstadt," &c. [28 September.

THE SEED OF THE POPPY. By CLIVE HOLLAND, Author of "An Egyptian Coquette," &c. [Just Published.

FORTUNE'S SPORT. By Mrs. C. N. WILLIAMSON, Author of "The Barn Stormers," &c. [5 October.

THE KNIGHT OF THE GOLDEN CHAIN. By R. D. CHETWODE, Author of "John of Strathbourne." [28 September.

BROTHERS OF THE PEOPLE. By FRED. WHISHAW, Author of "A Russian Vagabond," &c. [Just published.

PIRATE GOLD. By J. R. HUTCHINSON, Author of "Romance of a Regiment," "Quest of the Golden Pearl," &c., &c. With 8 Illustrations by Ernest Smythe. Crown 8vo. cloth. Price 5s.

PRISONS AND PRISONERS. By Rev. J. W. HORSLEY, M.A., Author of "Jottings from Jail." Crown 8vo. cloth. 3s. 6d. [28 September.
The Author, well known as a former Chaplain of Clerkenwell Prison, and an authority upon all subjects connected with Prisons and Prisoners, has written a volume which will be of service to all who study the question of Prison reform, and also contains much of interest to the general reader.

A POPULAR RE-ISSUE OF
QUEEN OF THE JESTERS. By MAX PEMBERTON, Author of "Kronstadt," &c., &c. Crown 8vo. cloth, with 8 Full-Page Illustrations. Price 3s. 6d.

"This writer is seen at his best in 'Queen of the Jesters.' . . . The book is one to be enjoyed by every one who takes it up."—*Scotsman*.

"Mr. Max Pemberton has not hitherto given us so excellent a bit of work as his new collection of Stories, 'Queen of the Jesters.'"—*Sketch*.

NEW VOLUME OF "LATTER-DAY STORIES."
A ROMANCE OF A GROUSE MOOR. By M. E. STEVENSON, Author of "Juliet," "Mrs. Severn," &c. Small crown 8vo. cloth, with Portrait. Price 2s. 6d.

A NEW AND CHEAPER EDITION OF
THE IMPUDENT COMEDIAN AND OTHERS. By FRANKFORT MOORE. Illustrated by Robert Sauber. Large crown 8vo. cloth, 2s. 6d.

A List of Next Season's Announcements will be forwarded on Application.

LONDON: C. ARTHUR PEARSON, LIMITED, HENRIETTA ST., W.C.

**SMITH, ELDER & CO.'S
NEW BOOKS.**

AT ALL BOOKSELLERS AND LIBRARIES.

Crown 8vo. 8s.

**MR. MERRIMAN'S NEW NOVEL,
RODEN'S
CORNER**

By HENRY SETON MERRIMAN,

AUTHOR OF "THE SOWERS," "WITH EDGED TOOLS,"
"IN KEDAR'S TENTS," &c.

NEW VOLUME OF

THE BIOGRAPHICAL EDITION OF

W. M. THACKERAY'S COMPLETE WORKS.

Now Ready, large crown 8vo. cloth, gilt top, 6s.

CONTRIBUTIONS TO "PUNCH."

With 20 Full-Page Illustrations, 26 Woodcuts, and an Engraving of the Author by Samuel Laurence.

* A volume will be issued each subsequent month until the entire edition is completed on 15 April, 1899.

* A Prospectus of the Edition, with Specimen Pages, will be sent post free on application.

SIXTH IMPRESSION NOW READY, with Frontispiece, demy 8vo. 16s.

**COLLECTIONS AND
RECOLLECTIONS.**

By "ONE WHO HAS KEPT A DIARY."

The *Daily Telegraph*.—"A perfect mine of good things. . . . Certainly one of the most amusing 'Recollections' that have appeared for many years."

LONDON: SMITH, ELDER, & CO., 15 WATERLOO PLACE.

At all Booksellers' and the Libraries.

WILLIAM BLACK'S NEW NOVEL

WILD EELIN:

HER ESCAPADES, ADVENTURES & BITTER SORROWS.

BY WILLIAM BLACK.

SECOND EDITION. Crown 8vo. cloth, 6s.

"'Macleod of Dare' has remained until now the best of Mr. Black's novels; but the author has beaten it with his 'Wild Eelin.'"—*World*.

"Wild Eelin is a delightful figure, in whom Highland virtues and Highland faults of character vie for attractiveness. . . . But we are not going to recapitulate a story which Mr. Black has been at the pains to tell with all his unique charm."—*Daily Chronicle*.

"'Wild Eelin' is a fine creation, full to the finger-tips of vitality and genius, womanly, high-natured, and capable of dying of an unspoken love. . . . The Bean-an-Tighearnie is a charming picture, and there are many minor studies. They and their surroundings stand out with a vividness that is almost startling, and Mr. Black's style is well fitted to their history."—*Standard*.

"A story of unwonted power and pathos, which comes as an oasis in a desert of sand."—*Literary World*.

"It is rich in all those graces which make his books so fascinating—incidents of fine humour, bright, natural talk, and two or three delightful subordinate characters, chief among whom must be ranked Lily Neile, Eelin's chief girl friend."—*Literature*.

"A fine story, admirably told."—*Arbroath Herald*.

LONDON: SAMPSON LOW, MARSTON & COMPANY, LIMITED,
St. Dunstan's House, Fetter Lane, Fleet Street, E.C.

REGISTERED AS A NEWSPAPER.

Printed for the Proprietors by STRANGEWAYS & SONS, Tower Street, W.C., and Published by FREDERIC WINNEY SABIN, at the Office 38 Southampton Street, Strand, in the Parish of St. Paul, Covent Garden, in the County of London.—Saturday, 17 September, 1898.

There has been a halt in the upward movement in the Kaffir market, but it has all the appearance of being merely a temporary reaction, due in the main to profit-taking. The pace was getting a little too rapid, and the market will be all the healthier for a slight pause. Rand Mines, which on Tuesday touched $35\frac{1}{2}$, have fallen back to $33\frac{1}{2}$, but the tone of the market is strong, and we expect to see a fresh advance next week. As is always the case in a boom, a great many of the less valuable properties are being carried up with the better descriptions, but we trust that by this time our readers are able to discriminate between the good, the medium, and the poor mines of the South African market. The carry-over on Monday showed, of course, a very considerable improvement, and, in marked contrast to the settlements of the past six months, disclosed a considerable account open for the rise. It cannot be said, however, that any of the advances were extravagant in amount. Rand Mines rose $2\frac{1}{2}$, Goldfields Deep, 1, Consolidated Goldfields, $1\frac{1}{2}$, and East Rand, $\frac{7}{8}$. The other most important improvements were mainly in Rhodesian issues, which were, of course, favourably affected by the Delagoa Bay rumour and the anticipation of good results from the first crushing of the Geelong mine. Chartered rose $\frac{1}{10}$, Matabele Gold Reefs 1, and Rhodesia, Limited, $\frac{1}{16}$, while Geelong themselves moved up $\frac{1}{8}$. Mozambique showed an improvement of $\frac{1}{4}$, and this has been well maintained. We learn that the offer from Paris to buy 120,000 of the reserve shares at £2 has not been accepted by the Lisbon board, although it has so far not been definitely declined.

It is probable that the introduction of Rand Mines, Limited, to the Paris market will take place next week, but this rather depends upon the outcome of the Dreyfus affair. Should the French Ministry come to a definite decision with regard to revision, as it is expected to do on Monday next, the atmosphere will probably be cleared and the moment will be favourable. A rumour was current on Wednesday that the quotation of Rand Mines on the Paris market would be inaugurated on Thursday but there was no foundation for this statement. Should activity in the South African market continue, we look for a further considerable rise in Rand Mines during the present account. The profit returns for August show a further improvement in the position of the great deep-level proprietary company. A month ago we showed that the share of Rand Mines, Limited, in the profits of its various subsidiary companies now at work amounted in June to about £40,000 a month, or the equivalent of 100 per cent. on the capital of the proprietary company. In August, as the following table shows, the Rand Mines proportion rose to nearly £48,000 per month, equivalent to a dividend of 130 per cent. per annum on the capital of the parent company, after allowing for Messrs. Wernher, Beit's 25 per cent. lien. This month the Glen Deep has started crushing and will also enter the list of profit-earners, whilst the deep levels already at work will in all probability still further increase their output, so that it is not at all unlikely that the Rand Mines proportion for September will be equivalent to a dividend of 200 per cent. It should not be forgotten, moreover, that the Rand Mines holding in the recently floated Ferreira Deep, even reckoning the shares at only £4 a piece—the price of issue to the vendor companies for the provision of working capital—is equal to £7 for every Rand Mines share. A sapient gentleman on the "Daily Mail" professes to believe that Rand Mines are overvalued at their present price. If he lives a few years more we assure him that he is likely to see them quoted at double the amount.

Mines.	Rand Mines proportion per cent.	Monthly Profits. August.	Rand Mines proportion.
Rose Deep	36	£28,500	£10,260
Geldenhuis Deep	40·8	25,600	10,444
Jumpers Deep	66·5	7,750	5,153
Nourse Deep	71·5	5,300	3,789
Crown Deep	77·6	23,350	18,119
			£47,765

ESTIMATED NET YIELD OF TRANSVAAL MINES.
OUTCROPS.

Company.	Estimated Dividends.	Price, 15 Sept.	Life of Mine.	Pro- bable Net Yield. Per Cent.
	Per Cent.		Years.	
Pioneer ⁽¹⁾	75	10 $\frac{3}{4}$	1	75
Rietfontein A.....	35	2	30	15 $\frac{1}{2}$
Van Ryn	40	1 $\frac{1}{10}$	12	13 $\frac{1}{2}$
Henry Nourse ⁽²⁾	150	10 $\frac{1}{2}$	12	11
Comet	50	3 $\frac{3}{8}$	18	11
Glencairn	35	2	11	10
Ferreira	350	24 $\frac{3}{4}$	17	9 $\frac{1}{2}$
Jumpers ⁽³⁾	80	5 $\frac{1}{2}$	8	7
Robinson ⁽⁴⁾	20	8 $\frac{5}{8}$	16	7
Treasury ⁽⁵⁾	12 $\frac{1}{2}$	4 $\frac{1}{10}$	13	6
Roodepoort United ..	50	4 $\frac{1}{2}$	15	6
Meyer and Charlton ..	70	4 $\frac{1}{2}$	10	6
Heriot	100	7 $\frac{1}{10}$	12	6
Crown Reef ⁽⁶⁾	200	14 $\frac{3}{8}$	8	6
Wolluter ⁽⁴⁾	10	6 $\frac{1}{2}$	40	5
Ginsberg	50	3	8	5
City and Suburban ⁽⁴⁾	15	6 $\frac{3}{8}$	17	5
Wemmer	150	11	10	5
Primrose	60	4 $\frac{1}{2}$	10	5
Princess	15	1 $\frac{1}{10}$	20 ⁽²⁾	4
Durban Roodepoort ..	80	6	9	3 $\frac{1}{2}$
Langlaagte Estate ..	30	3 $\frac{1}{2}$	15	3
Geldenhuis Main Reef	10	9 $\frac{1}{10}$	6	2
Angelo	75	6 $\frac{1}{2}$	8 ⁽⁷⁾	1
May Consolidated	35	3 $\frac{5}{10}$	9	1
Geldenhuis Estate	100	7 $\frac{1}{10}$	7	$\frac{1}{2}$
Jubilee ⁽⁸⁾	75	11	8	0
Worcester	60	3 $\frac{1}{4}$	4	0

⁽¹⁾ Owns 37 D.L. claims, estimated value equivalent to £10 10s. per share. ⁽²⁾ 42 deep-level claims, estimated value equivalent to £2 per share. ⁽³⁾ 52 D.L. claims, estimated value equivalent to £1 per share. ⁽⁴⁾ £5 shares. ⁽⁵⁾ £4 shares. ⁽⁶⁾ 51 $\frac{1}{2}$ deep-level claims, estimated value equivalent to £2 10s. per share, and 47 water-right claims. ⁽⁷⁾ Poorer North Reef Ore not taken into account. ⁽⁸⁾ 18 D.L. claims, estimated value equivalent to £4 per share.

DEEP LEVELS.

Company.	Estimated Dividends.	Price, 15 Sept.	Life of Mine.	Pro- bable Net Yield. Per Cent.
	Per Cent.		Years.	
*Robinson Deep	200	10 $\frac{1}{4}$	20	16
*Durban Deep ⁽¹⁾	50	4 $\frac{1}{2}$	15	11
*Crown Deep	200	14 $\frac{1}{2}$	16	9
*Nourse Deep	60	6 $\frac{1}{2}$	43	9
*Rose Deep	105	8 $\frac{1}{2}$	15	8
*Jumpers Deep	40	5 $\frac{1}{2}$	36	6 $\frac{1}{2}$
*Village Main Reef ⁽²⁾ ..	75	7 $\frac{1}{2}$	13	5
*Bonanza	108 ⁽³⁾	4 $\frac{1}{2}$	5	4 $\frac{1}{2}$
*Geldenhuis Deep	70 ⁽³⁾	9 $\frac{1}{2}$	23	4
*Glen Deep	18	3 $\frac{1}{2}$	25	2
*Simmer and Jack	4 $\frac{1}{2}$ ⁽³⁾	4 $\frac{1}{2}$	30	2
Langlaagte Deep	21	2 $\frac{1}{4}$	15	2

The mines marked thus * are already at work. ⁽¹⁾ Owns 24,000 Roodepoort Central Deep shares, value £36,000, and will probably sell sixty or seventy claims at a price equivalent to £1 per share. ⁽²⁾ Owns 25,000 Wemmer shares, value equivalent to £1 per share. ⁽³⁾ Calculated on actual profits of working. ⁽⁴⁾ £5 shares.

The "Financial Times" is always amusing when it deals with South African mines, in the intervals when it is not engaged in puffing Westralians. A little while ago it talked with an air of wisdom about the lives of Kaffir mines, basing its arguments on certain figures published by the "Standard and Diggers' News" a year ago. There is no doubt that the "Standard and Diggers' News" contains the most trustworthy and most abundant information with regard to the mining industry of the Transvaal of any journal dealing with the subject, but when it published its estimates of the lives of the mines a year ago, we ventured in several

cases to describe them as too conservative. The "Standard and Diggers' News" now admits that at the time it under-estimated the lives of the mines, and adds: "If we were to draw up a list of the lives of the various outcrop mines to-day, we should put most of them at fully 30 or 40 per cent. higher than we did a year ago, and this in spite of the exhaustion which has taken place." The "Financial Times," practically admitting that it knows nothing about the subject except what it has learnt from our contemporary, is quite taken aback by this admission, and complains piteously of having been deserted by "the Kruger organ." We can only recommend it to study the subject a little more, and it will see that "the Kruger organ" is quite right. The lives of the outcrop mines in almost every case are likely to be longer than is anticipated, owing in part to the progressive reduction in working costs which makes it possible to crush lower-grade ore, and in part to the very conservative fashion in which the experts have usually calculated the ore contents per claim.

We learn that the directors of the Sheba Queen Gold and Exploration Company will shortly issue an important report, giving full details of the process by which they propose to develop the property. This will fulfil the promise made about two months ago in a circular issued by the Secretary, at the direction of the Board, in which it was stated that "the problem of extracting the gold from this rich refractory ore has been solved." It is asserted that the results now arrived at are no longer of a merely experimental character; but that a process has been found by which practical work can be undertaken, and perhaps the astonishing returns we have been led to expect achieved. An extraordinary general meeting of the shareholders will follow very shortly, when further necessary financial arrangements will be discussed. It has always been claimed that this mine had very fair prospects; but hitherto it does not seem to have been managed in the most practical manner. However, with a stronger Board the financial position will be improved, and a more vigorous development may be expected.

The Sheba Queen property is situated in the De Kaap district and is one of the "outside" mines of the Transvaal. These have hitherto lagged behind the mines of the Witwatersrand, but signs are not wanting that vigorous efforts will shortly be made to impart a little more energy to the development of these properties, many of which are known to be rich propositions. The Sheba mine, for instance, to the end of last year had already yielded gold to the value of £1,667,000, and the average yield in 1896-7 was nearly 2 ozs. of gold per ton of ore crushed. The average assay value of the ore on the Sheba Queen property is said to be 2 ozs. of gold per ton, but with the ordinary processes of recovery only some 3 to 5 dwts. per ton could be obtained from the mill. Now, however, after exhaustive tests and experiments, it is said to be possible to extract 90 per cent. of the gold in the ore. We understand that the new scheme for raising the necessary capital for future developments will be guaranteed, and it looks as if the company is at last on the eve of success. The fully paid 10s. vendors' shares were carried over on Monday at 4s. 6d. At this price they seem a fairly promising speculation.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

W. F. (Worcester).—Yes, but you must remember that you incur a certain responsibility for the amount per share not yet called up.

PHLOG. (Oxford).—We commented at the time on the unsatisfactory features of the prospectus. We do not consider the prospects of the Company good and should advise you to sell your shares.

D. F. G. (Burton-on-Trent).—(1) 20 per cent. (2) No dividend has yet been declared. (3) Yes. (4) Radically unsound.

STEAMERS (Manchester).—We propose shortly to deal with the whole subject.

J. E. D. (Reading).—If the statements made in the report are correct the shares should soon improve considerably. The Company has been badly managed in the past, but new arrangements have been made which will probably effect a change for the better.

FAITH (Exeter).—The Company has large interests in both

Central and South Africa and its shares are a good lock-up investment. It may be several years before any return is obtained on its capital, but that eventually the Company will pay large dividends scarcely admits of doubt.

SILVIA (Winchester).—All the securities named are good investments. It is not possible to recommend a "perfectly safe" investment yielding 5 per cent.

J. L. (Wolverhampton).—(1) Hold. (2) There is no market in the shares. (3) We do not advise a purchase at the present price. (4) The estimates vary, but it is not likely to be less than 10 or more than 15 per cent. We incline towards the less sanguine estimate.

NEMO.—You can see a list of shareholders at Somerset House on paying a fee of 1s.

B. M. (Leamington).—If the news is true it should favourably affect the whole group of companies, but we have no special information on the subject.

M. OR N. (Bristol).—1. A further purchase to average would be wise. 2. Hold. 3. Not saleable. 4. The Company is crushing its least productive ore, and the shares have been artificially depressed. They will probably recover in the next few months.

KNOWLEDGE (Glasgow).—There are no data from which to calculate the life of the mine.

H. B. A. C. (Skipton).—Write to the Secretary, Gresham House, Old Broad Street, E.C. If he does not give you a satisfactory reply communicate with us again.

AFRICAN.—The poorer returns for the past few months are due to the fact that development is not yet sufficiently advanced. For several months ore from the dumps was crushed, and thus the yield was maintained. There will undoubtedly be a recovery now that the new management has set to work energetically to catch up with the mill. In six months it will probably be possible to run 120 stamps.

W. W. W. (Chelmsford).—The investments seem well selected, and are all safe securities, except Nos. 1 and 7, which are risky, but return a high percentage.

F. H. (Derby).—Have nothing to do with any of that group of companies. They are run by a clique who do not aspire to make them producing companies, but use them merely for the purpose of market operations.

ANXIOUS (Hampstead).—We fear you have lost your money.

CORRESPONDENCE.

AN INDIGNANT CATHOLIC.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—Everybody is free to hold his own opinion in matters of belief, but when a certain party send to perdition whosoever does not hold the same notions as they do, then it is allowable for the condemned people to protest loudly before they tumble into the pit. Therefore I beg of you, Mr. Editor, to permit me to explain to the exclusive party some of the objections against their assumption of an exclusive salvation. If the fate which the early Christians met with at the hands of the emperors, or the heretics at the hands of the inquisitors, threatened me for denouncing superstitions similar to those of Lourdes, certainly I would hold my peace: I do not feel the courage necessary to risk the fate that Pagans inflicted on their fellow-men for differences of opinion. But, thank God (not the Virgin), we are out of the era of religious barbarism. Nowadays sane people, religious or unbelievers, have no difficulty to admit that cures are effected at Lourdes, as well as at other shrines of the Virgin. Why should they, when they know that very similar cures were effected thousands of years ago at the shrine of the (Virgin) Diana of Ephesus, and likewise at the shrines of other idols, such as at those of Apollo (the original St. Michael) and of Juno and of Isis? We possess in museums of antiquities authentic proofs of these cures in the shape of votive altars inscribed with the names of the recipients of such blessings or cures. Faith worked miracles then as now; there is nothing new under the sun except motor-cars. As to the legends concerning those ancient shrines, they are not half so astonishing as that of Lourdes. Thus, first miracle: two little ignorant shepherds are chosen by the goddess to instruct the grown-up, and supposed wise, population of the village. Second miracle: the apparition says, "I am the immaculate conception." How a conception, immaculate or otherwise, can walk, is a miracle that staggers all scientists. Third miracle: the little brook, close to which the "conception" did walk, becomes suddenly endowed with curative properties beyond all other spas. Fourth miracle: sensible folks buy that same clear water at the price of wine! Miracles can go

no further ! Now, another point of view. Everybody, religious or not, believes that God, the Creator, is omnipotent, consequently that He can perform any miracle. Well, I am bold to assert that the Holy Virgin cannot do all that. Example : at her shrines at Lourdes and elsewhere some people with legs have been made to walk, and some sick persons have been cured of their sickness ; but let the clergy show one person who, being bald and over fifty, has recovered his head of hair at this pilgrimage ; or who, having lost one or two eyes, has had them replaced ; or, again, of a person having lost a limb or even a hand or a foot, has had it recreated. God has not yet done this for the human race, although this same growth of a new limb is vouchsafed to all crabs and lobsters ! Verily, God seems to be unjust to His children.

A BELIEVER IN CERTAIN MIRACLES.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

12 September, 1898.

SIR,—I should like, with your kind permission, to add a few words upon this subject. I would ask your readers not to take notice of any communications regarding Catholic matters that appear to be written by ultra-Catholics. It may be that some ultra-Protestant may write a communication of an intolerant kind and make it appear as though a Catholic had written the document. Catholics do not expect non-Catholics to see as they see, but only ask for fair play and courtesy, and non-Catholics are entitled to such treatment by Catholics. Belief in Lourdes by Catholics is not an article of faith, or, in other words, if they do not believe in it as some Catholics do, this will not exclude them from the pale of the Catholic Church. But certainly there are cures that take place there that are outside the scope of human laws, as known, and which puzzle the medical fraternity. I would ask all your readers (those who are non-Catholics) not to be led away by side issues, but to study the defined teachings of the Catholic Church (not taking the writings of this or that Dr. or Saint), and by so doing I believe that the much-maligned religion would be respected more than it is at present in England. You will please understand by the Catholic Church I mean those Christians who acknowledge the Pope of Rome as His Vicar, and not in the distorted sense that is put forward by High Anglicans, however well meaning such persons may be.—I am, yours obediently,

A MEMBER OF THE OLD ANGLICAN CHURCH.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—It was not with the intention of taking part in a discussion on Catholicism that I wrote a few lines in reply to your correspondent's ("An Indignant Catholic") ridiculous comments on the article on "The Lourdes Superstition." I have not the "Review" to hand at the moment of writing, but, if I remember clearly, you attacked in a reasonable manner the Lourdes superstition and not the Catholic creed wholly ; but you are immediately pounced upon by "Indignant Catholic" and company, who once more trot out their old hobby-horse, "Our's is the only true Church." I admit that writing these lines is an unpleasant task to me, for I have always found Catholic controversialists to be the most bigoted and unreasonable in creation ; but, as F. A. Alcock attacks me, I must perforce retaliate.

First of all, he gives the names of certain titled individuals who profess the Catholic religion, and asks "if these do not obey Cardinal Vaughan, as well as the simple and ignorant-minded Catholics?" as I said in my last letter. To me a title does not exclude any one from my "simple and ignorant-minded Catholics." The latter phrase applies to all those who submit to the verdict and opinion of one man.

Secondly, he states, with apparent lack of knowledge, that in the Catholic Church the Shepherd leads the sheep, while outside the Catholic Church the sheep lead the Shepherd. I am of no stated creed, but I believe my Bible, and can therefore speak of Protestant denominations without prejudice. I find that in the latter bodies the leading Shepherd is Christ, while in the Catholic Church the Pope fills this position ; in fact, he fills all positions. He is the heart of the

Church ; his words are accepted without the slightest consideration ; he is in very truth the shepherd. So great is the faith in this "man" that the spiritual nature of the Catholic can rise no higher ; the Pope stands as a great looming cloud before the gaze of the human soul as it cries out to something more than human—as it cries for Christ. Pope Leo XIII. is the Catholics' present Christ. They rely upon him to heal their life of sin and impurity ; and in so doing discard the One Who has proved Himself the Great Physician.

Let me try to point out that one who received the Pope's or priest's forgiveness is not to be compared with the one—the Protestant—who receives forgiveness direct from One whose laws he has transgressed. Included in the Catholic Church are all characters—good, moderate, bad—yet one is no better than the other is. After confession they all stand on the same mark as regards preparation for the other world. But after confession do they endeavour to shun sin in every possible manner? I know Catholics who used to pass my home on their way to church, and, after piously taking part in the service, call at a public-house on the road home (the landlord also being a Catholic), and get blind, speechless drunk by 2.30. This is where I fail to see the use of the Catholic Church teaching. If Christianity does not advocate the advancement of the moral nature it is not benefiting Christ's kingdom in the least.

Then Mr. Alcock gives me some quotations from the history of England, "our own country," for the latter valuable information for which I thank him. He must have read a great deal to know this important fact. Had the Popes of Rome had their way it would probably have been "our own country" from a Catholic point of view. Had it been as Mr. Alcock and his creed wished it, it might have been England and not Spain which is to-day tottering to ruin, or England instead of France which has sent to Devil's Island an honourable man (he is not yet proved guilty) to save their own vile policy from publicity. We are having a taste of Catholic principles now. But these remarks are by the way. Mr. Alcock quotes examples from English history of the eighth century, where Offa, king of Mercia and East Anglia, and Coenulph, the son of Offa, who reigned after his father, submitted to Popes Adrian I. and Leo III. He could have quoted "many more cases, but these are enough." They are not enough for me. I am too much acquainted with the inner workings of the Catholic Church to put any value on these quotations, for neither Offa nor his son have much to do with the progress and retrogression of Mr. Alcock's creed in this country. Its progress was forwarded by the cunning of the popes and the cowardly and unauthorised conduct of such snivelling creatures as King John ; while its retrogression has been brought about by its own evil and corrupt doctrines, brought to light by such men as Luther (Luther was a monk till he "searched the Scriptures" with a desire for light) and John Wycliffe.

In concluding this unavoidably long letter I would say that the Church of Rome exists on superstition and not on Scripture ; that Pope or priest were never called upon to act as mediators between the soul and God ; that it does not encourage purity of life or searching of the Scriptures ; and finally that its history proves it to be an institution of hell rather than heaven. A severe belief, but based on a knowledge of its records and the history of countries.—Yours truly,

AN OLD READER.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—C. L. Clarke thinks that he is going to prove to the readers of the "Saturday Review" that there is not unity of doctrine in the Catholic Church. He writes thus : "As to the quotation from 'Jerome' I put against it the view of Aquinas on the worship of images, shared largely by other Romish dignitaries, to the effect that 'the same adoration is to be paid to the image as to the prototype,' hence 'that the image of Christ is to be worshipped with the worship of Latria,'" and so on. This, I suppose, is an instance of the unity in doctrine in the Roman Catholic Church. Now C. L. Clarke must bear in mind that St. Jerome was a Father of the Church, and is a far greater authority than St. Thomas Aquinas ; it would not matter if double the number had

the same opinion as St. Thomas Aquinas; it is not what individuals say or write, it is what the Church teaches in her catechism, and this is what she teaches:—

(From "The Catechism of Christian Doctrine." Published by the Catholic Truth Society.)

(Question 181.) Does the first commandment forbid the making of images?

(Answer.) The first commandment does not forbid the making of images, but the making of idols; that is, it forbids us to make images to be adored or honoured as gods.

(Question 186.) What honour should we give to relics, crucifixes and holy pictures?

(Answer.) We should give to relics, crucifixes and holy pictures a relative honour, as they relate to Christ and His Saints, and are memorials of them.

(Question 187.) Do we pray to relics or images?

(Answer.) We do not pray to relics or images, for they can neither see, nor hear, nor help us.

Now St. Jerome teaches this (as I have written already in my first letter, 3 September): "Not only do we not adore the relics of the martyrs, but we do not even adore the Angels, the Archangels, the Cherubim, the Seraphim. Yet we honour the relics of the martyrs that we may adore Him whose martyrs they are. We honour the servants, that the honour bestowed on them may redound to their Master."

If C. L. Clarke knows as much about the Catholic Church as he pretends, he must remember that St. Thomas Aquinas, as well as others, preached against the doctrine of the Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin, but when the doctrine was solemnly defined as an article of faith by Pope Pius IX., speaking *ex cathedra*, on the 8th of December, 1854, every Catholic was bound to believe it, or else be cut off from all communication with the Church. Until then Catholics could hold any opinion they liked toward the doctrine of the Immaculate Conception of our lady. Thus C. L. Clarke takes what just a few Catholic individuals taught, not what the Catholic Church and the successor of St. Peter taught.

Now again C. L. Clarke writes: "He attempts to support this by an appeal to certain things which God commanded to be made, professing to see in that fact a reversal of a distinct command that certain things should not be made. Surely this is strange reasoning! Either God is charged with inconsistency, or there is a vital difference between the things which were to be made and those which were not, both as to their *nature* and *use*. The latter is, of course, the case, as I am prepared to prove if challenged" (I challenge C. L. Clarke to prove it), "and it therefore remains to F. A. Alcock to show a command for the making of images by the people for their *veneration*, or to get rid of the second commandment."

C. L. Clarke is trying to make out that I am accusing God of inconsistency; I am not trying to do anything of the kind. It is C. L. Clarke himself doing that which he himself blames me for. The first and second commandments (Oxford version) is this: "Thou shalt have no other gods before Me. Thou shalt not make to thyself any graven image, or the likeness of anything that is in heaven above, or that is in the earth beneath, or that is in the water under the earth. Thou shalt not bow down to them, or worship them." Now if C. L. Clarke has any statue of Venus or Hercules, let him destroy them at once; if he has a likeness of a friend, or a picture of angels, or a statue of anybody living or dead, of anything that is in the earth beneath, or that is in the water under the earth, let him destroy them all, as the first commandment says that we must not have these things. We can plainly see that God commanded that they should not be worshipped as gods, as he says in the third verse, chapter xx. of Exodus (Oxford version), "Thou shalt have no other gods before Me."

C. L. Clarke says, about getting rid of the second commandment, "I shall again repeat what Archdeacon Paley said in a sermon on the commandment. 'The first and second commandments may be considered as one, inasmuch as they relate to one subject, or nearly so. For many ages, and by many churches, they were put together and considered as one commandment. The subject to which they relate is false worship, or

the worship of false gods." I also may state that the Protestants of Germany follow the same division of the commandments as Catholics. C. L. Clarke says that I "misquote an utterance of the Apostle Peter's thus: 'No prophecy is made by private interpretation,' and attempt to build thereon the theory of no right of private judgment of the Scripture. A reference to the passage (2 Pet. i. 19-21) will show that the Apostle is commending the study of Old Testament prophecy, and emphasising its certainty by the fact that the authors of it were guided by their own interpretations in what they wrote (or spake), but 'as they were moved by the Holy Ghost.'" I have made a reference to the passage of Scripture (2 Pet. i. 19-21) that C. L. Clarke refers to, and what does it say? Not one single verse in the whole chapter mentions St. Peter as commending the study of the Old Testament, as he calls it, at all. It is plainly his plan to misguide anybody who reads his letter, if he possibly can—a regular plan of heretics. John Cassian, writing to some heretics of his times, writes thus: "Nor, indeed, is it wonderful that, as you cannot do what you want, you only do what you can, and pervert them (the Scriptures); for so the devil in the Gospel, when tempting our Lord, said, 'If Thou be the Son of God, cast Thyself down, for it is written that He shall give His angels charge concerning Thee, lest at any time Thou dash Thy foot against a stone.' And when he had said this he left out the context and what belongs to it, viz., 'Thou shalt walk upon the asp and the basilisk, and Thou shalt trample under foot the lion and the dragon.' Surely he cunningly quoted the previous verse and left out the latter, for he quoted the one to deceive Him; he held his tongue about the latter to avoid condemning himself" (Book vii. chapter iv. x and xvi.).

I give here an extract from Father Bampfield's "Difficulties of Private Interpretation," in "St. Andrew's Magazine," April, 1879: "I knew that the Scriptures were the Word of God, but I knew also that God's writings are then only of use to us when we know what God meant by that which He wrote; God's Word, if we put to it the devil's meaning, or man's meaning, is not God's Word at all." The letter killeth; it is "the Spirit which quickeneth." What we need is God's meaning of God's Word—the same Holy Ghost who wrote the Scriptures. He only can interpret them. Was it possible for me to miss this meaning? I read in the Gospels that the Scriptures could be misused. The devil tempted our Lord with Scripture texts, using God's Word with the devil's meaning; the Pharisee rejected our Lord by Scripture. "Search the Scriptures and see that out of Galilee a prophet riseth not." And again, that in St. Paul's Epistles, at least, there "are certain things hard to be understood, which the unlearned and unstable wrest, as they do also the other Scriptures, to their destruction." The Scriptures then can be used to our destruction, and who was I that I should think myself learned or stable? "Thinkest thou," said Philip to Queen Candace's chamberlain, "that thou understandest what thou readest?" who said, "How can I, unless some one show me?" If the Editor of the "S. R." refrains from publishing the letters of some Catholics because he thinks them violent, why does he not refrain from publishing violent articles on Catholics? F. A. ALCOCK.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

7 September, 1898.

SIR,—Those who deny the truth of the Lourdes miracles cannot have looked into the evidence with sufficient care, and they cannot have visited Lourdes. One of the ablest medical men in Liverpool, a Protestant, was treating a young woman who suffered from complete inability to walk. He, believing that this was a suitable case for faith cure, sent her to Lourdes, and a miracle was the result. I have seen exactly the same class of miracles take place at religious shrines in India. If a deity with six arms and six legs can perform miracles—or if the faith of his worshippers makes them believe he can—why should not the Blessed Virgin Mary be able to do the same?

The only thing that surprises me is that the modern miracles are of such a retail character. No one who has had his eyes plucked out can now grow a new pair,

'7 S
as d
of S
of a
coun
get
freq
"Ca
has
stu
cur
mak
the
resic
the

St
your
that
the l
" "
butt
divil
othe

St
Coll
have
I ha
Met
seen
but
kille
them
it ha
a str
done
offer
a ma
a pe
had
I lef
keep
a ma
thing
wou
it.—

St
inst.
and
been
prev
had
seve
won
inex
coul
(if a
sinc
tinct
Eng
harr
toll.
last
with
tax
seve
shill
Per
tinu
have
am,

as during the Middle Ages happened *twice*, at the shrine of St. Thomas of Canterbury, according to the evidence of all the clergy, as well as the mayor and town council. No one who has had his head cut off once can get it stuck on again and make it grow, as happened frequently, once upon a time, according to the "Catholic Lives of the Saints"; neither can a man who has had his leg cut off grow another by bathing the stump in Lourdes waters. The record of miraculous cures at the many shrines of Antinous are enough to make the priests at Lourdes blush. Alas! ours is not the age of faith. My friend, Father P., one of the resident priests at Lourdes, takes his annual "cure" at the baths of Bagniere de Bigorre.—Yours truly,

H. B. PROCTOR.

"THE FALL OF WOLSELEY."

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—Your opinion of Lord Wolseley expressed in your article on the 3rd inst. coincides with the view of that famous individual, "Private Mulvaney." I take the liberty of quoting it.

"Wolseley be shot! Betune you an' me an' that butterfly net, he's a ramblin', incoherent sort av a divil, wid wan oi on the Quane an' the Coort, an' the other on his blessed silf."—Yours faithfully,

A CIVILIAN.

DOG MUZZLING.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Buck's Head, Godden Green, Seven Oaks,
6 September, 1898.

SIR,—I have seen in the papers the account of "Poor Collie." The fellow who killed that poor dog should have three months in prison. I beg to inform you that I have been twenty years and eleven months in the Metropolitan Police force in the P division, and have seen many poor dogs killed by the police and others; but I have never seen a *mad* one. They have been killed to please a lot of rough boys who have chased them about till they have made them spiteful, and then it has been reported that a mad dog was killed in such a street; give a dog a bad name and the poor thing is done. I have had bills printed the last two years offering two pounds reward to any person showing me a mad dog, but have never been shown one yet. I am a pensioner from the Police force; since 1876 I have had many rewards but not for killing poor dogs. Since I left the force I have been connected with many game-keepers and others, but can find no one who has seen a mad dog; therefore I think the muzzle a very cruel thing to our best friends. Grass is the medicine they would like to get, but the muzzle prevents them getting it.—I remain, yours respectfully,

R. WEBB.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—The two sensible letters in your issue of 10th inst. must do good in directing attention to the cruel and needless muzzle. The muzzling order has now been in force here over twelve months; but a little time previous to the commencement of the present order we had had then to endure the muzzle for a period exceeding seventeen months in duration. The muzzle seems, little wonder, to vex and annoy dog-owners, and harass and inexpressibly torment the dogs. *Cui bono?* Mr. Long could have accomplished all the good he has effected (if any) by a less drastic measure. But is Mr. Long sincere? which is uppermost with Mr. Long, the extinction of rabies or preservation of game? In plain English, the muzzle means warfare against thousands of harmless dogs—anyhow, it materially increases the dog-toll. Remember, a muzzle costs money; it does not last for ever; it gets lost, mislaid and broken. So with muzzles, chance of police fines and expenses; the tax of keeping a dog has been increased, I consider, from seven shillings and sixpence per annum to fully twenty shillings. To escape this how many a dog has had to die! Perhaps, after all, this has much to do with the continuance of the muzzle, so that our noble poulterers may have less concern for an odd pheasant or partridge.—I am, Sir, yours faithfully,

CHARLES BEAVIS.

THE BATTLE OF OMDURMAN.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—Now that the excitement caused by news from the Soudan is subsiding, is there not room for a little sober criticism?

No praise is probably too high for the perfection of preliminary arrangements, and the skill and forethought displayed in carrying a force of considerable strength, well-found and equipped in every respect, for such a distance from its base of operations, and landing it before Khartoum in first-rate fighting condition. But have Englishmen so descended from their old traditional liking for fair play and the merits of a well-matched fight as to tolerate without impatience a description of the battle of Omdurman as a brilliant performance? What can be more pitiful than the accounts of Dervishes—who with all their faults have shown themselves gallant and devoted warriors—trying vainly to get at their enemy, and succeeding only in swelling the heaps of slain and wounded piled up by the Maxims, Lee-Metfords, and other infernal machines which modern science has placed at the disposal of a modern army? Given equal weapons, and with even a less disparity of numbers, would any one venture to assert that the result would not have been very different? The only time when there appears to have been any real hand-to-hand fighting—in the dashing charge of the 21st Lancers—our list of killed and wounded makes up quite a substantial fraction of the total loss in the whole battle.

To what extent human life may be justifiably sacrificed to spread the blessings of civilisation may be left to moralists to decide. Most people will think that such blessings should be great indeed to be worth the hecatombs of victims who fell at Omdurman. But at least let us not make ourselves and our troops ridiculous by trying to exalt so one-sided an affair into the category of the great battles of the world. Looked at dispassionately, what is it but scientific slaughter on a gigantic scale?

It is satisfactory to know that our wounded are well cared for and doing well. But what about the Dervishes maimed and mutilated by our beautiful weapons of precision, whose numbers are officially estimated at 16,000?—Yours faithfully,

B. C. S. (retired).

DID THE CAT PUT DOWN GAROTTING?

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—This has become a matter of serious import in more aspects than one, and I should be very reluctant to traverse the sentiment or argument as indicated in Mr. Collinson's letter; and I am now only concerned as to whether the test of increase or decrease of cases of robbery with violence is the only one or the best that may be submitted to public consideration. Be that as it may, I will, if you will allow me in the valuable pages of the "Saturday Review," venture to suggest an additional test, although I have no statistics at hand upon which to base a statement of fact. I have always understood that flogging is not at all popular with any individual of the criminal classes, and that a man who has been flogged very seldom comes up for a second dose. Is this a fact? If so, it is an element in favour of the positive argument. As to the birching of boys, I believe that the facts are more striking still. Boys who have been birched never willingly seek a second acquaintance of that interesting instrument.—I am, yours truly,

GAROTTER.

MAJOR M. HUME AND MR. SERRELL.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—May I be allowed a line to thank Mr. Serrell for his courteous letter, and to assure him that all the authorities he quotes are in error? The second Count de Olivares was recalled from his Viceroyalty of Naples in 1599, much to his disgust, to make room for Lerma's brother-in-law. He was made a Councillor of State and lived until a few months before his son's marriage in 1607. The Count-Duke then succeeded to the title.—Yours faithfully,

MARTIN A. S. HUME.

REVIEWS.

MR. WILFRID BLUNT'S POEMS.

"The Poetry of Wilfrid Blunt." Selected by W. E. Henley and George Wyndham. London: Heinemann.

IN 1875 there was issued a thin anonymous volume, bound in cloth of a startling gamboge-yellow colour, with a flaring sun stamped in gold on the side, and with no lettering on the back. This nabob among booklets seemed, in a curious way, at once to demand and to deprecate attention. The deprecation appeared likely at first to be the more successful, for singularly little notice was taken of "Sonnets and Songs by Proteus." The author, however, was the friend of "One in a High Position," and this personage, who was Robert, Lord Lytton, drew attention to its merits in a popular review. In process of time Mr. Wilfrid Blunt was revealed as the unnamed author, and not a few people were attracted to the resonance and sincerity of the new utterance. It was known that Mr. Blunt was a sort of grandson by marriage of Byron, that he lived the life he sang, and that he was a man who "took his pleasures madly." But his poetry did not appear at a lucky moment. The movement of sentiment, of æsthetic feeling, in 1875 was proceeding in a diametrically opposite direction, and Mr. Blunt, in successive volumes of verse, only received less and less of the attention due to his indisputable talent.

Every one will be delighted that Mr. Blunt now at last has his day. He has been drawn out of obscurity by two authors who are younger than himself, and he is for the first time ushered to the public without manifest disadvantage. Now is the time to decide, without prejudice, what is the nature of Mr. Blunt's contribution to literature. In the first place, it is strange that he should have adopted the pseudonym of Proteus. No one is less protean, no one shows less adaptability to circumstance, less power of pretending to be other than he is. If he had been "cleverer," as people say, he might have enjoyed a far greater success than he has cared to secure. His attitude to the public was always tactless. Perhaps of all his pieces the one which has been known most widely and quoted most constantly is a "sonnet" (of sixteen lines) beginning "I would not, if I could, be called a poet," and expatiating in contempt of the chaste Muse. Now, the public is only too glad of an excuse to decline to recognise any man's inspiration, and if that man openly parades his anxiety not to be recognised, the world is ready to oblige him. To ignore the claims of Mr. Wilfrid Blunt became as easy as not to write a five-act tragedy. From this maladroitness towards the public Mr. Wyndham and Mr. Henley have had to redeem him, against his will. They have been obliged to go and positively insist on his appearance among the other good little children at Apollo's nursery-party.

Saved from his own shy aloofness, and from his proud pretence of flouting the poetic laurels, Mr. Blunt is presented to us therefore as a novelty. It would be affectation not to admit that to nine-tenths of its readers this volume will introduce an entirely new author. Those who reflect on the movement of literary history will observe with interest how much more lucky an appearance he makes in 1898 than he did in 1875. Then, as we have said, everything was against him; now everything is for him. There is no chance of injustice now, since the English world has become singularly adapted to welcome the ideas and attitude of Mr. Blunt. Now, or never, he ought to secure admirers. His materialism—we should say, but for fearing to be misunderstood, his animalism—was unwelcome to the last generation; it is eminently attractive to the race at the present juncture, with its extreme idolatry of physical force, its worship of athleticism, its contempt for the meditative and passive forms of life. Mr. Blunt, who openly prefers "any plan of any folly, so the thing were done," to the noblest dreaming of mere dreams, finds himself at last, surely, in profound sympathy with his contemporaries.

We will endeavour, without leaning to 1875 or to 1898, to define the impression which Mr. Blunt's poetry makes upon us. We will begin, as it is not only pleasant but salutary to do, by rehearsing its sterling

merits. Of these the most obvious is a certain manly lucidity of speech, which impresses the ear agreeably by its lack of every species of affectation. Here is a man, we say, who, speaking in prose or verse, speaks naturally and directly. He is further aided by a vocabulary which, without being exquisite, is full and exact, with every now and then a touch of natural archaism. Then, what Mr. Blunt says in this clear and emphatic voice of his, is unusually precise. It is precise because he is untroubled by "the fine shades," and because he is an egoist of the sanest class—that class which is aware of the objections which can be brought against it, but yet persists in considering itself the most interesting of all possible subjects. The Muse of Mr. Blunt has but one theme—himself; what Mr. Blunt has seen and loved and shot and wished for, this is the only matter of which Mr. Blunt's poetry treats. This is always attractive, when the ego is one of such marked individuality and capacity for expression as that of Proteus.

To these basal merits Mr. Blunt adds a picturesque exactitude of vision which enables him to bring up before us a garden, a pack of fox-hounds, a day in Sussex, a glen in Bosnia. What Mr. Blunt has observed in moments of strong feeling he retains in memory, and can reproduce in his hard, plain verse. If we reserve for the true visionary's nature-poetry a claim altogether above and beyond, we can hardly rate Mr. Blunt's descriptive power too high. Allied with this gift is the subtler one of recounting the phenomena of emotion. He has great retentiveness in this direction also, and recalls, in succession, the various waves and gusts of passion which have swept over him on occasions of high excitement and perturbation. The manifold vitality which pulses in him finds an echo in his verse. He delights in the robust pleasures. "Why was I born," he exclaims, "in this degenerate age?" He imagines with envy the joy of having been "a ruffler in the camps of Mazaria." He would still, as when a boy, leave his "books for cricket-bat and gun." There is no music in his ears like that of "the shrill sweet treble of the fifes upon the breeze." He likes "the hunting of the hare better than that of the fox." Except Egerton Warburton, no poet, however, has described the latter sport with fiercer gusto.

All these qualities, taken unalloyed, present to us a figure strictly materialistic indeed, but full of primitive attractiveness. But with these Mr. Blunt combines two negative characteristics which seriously deduct from the charm of his verse. He has no art, and he exercises no intellect. His best admirers admit his artlessness. For the technical part of poetry he has an absolute contempt. His rhymes are the looest, the least adequate that we know in any educated writer. "Aphrodite" rhymes with "delight," "dim" and "Time" with "them," "Serpentine" with "din." His ear is so defective that he will unconsciously put a word like "sigh" between "eyes" and "paradise." He likes to write sonnets, yet he takes it in dudgeon that he should have to conclude them in fourteen lines. Like a painter who patches his canvas, if Mr. Blunt cannot say what he wishes in a quarterzain, he extends the piece to fifteen, sixteen, or even more lines. The "sonnet" on page 41 runs on to twenty verses. There is no real excuse for this. Nobody compels Mr. Blunt to write sonnets, but if he chooses to do so he ought to play the game. In the sonnet-game it is absolutely indispensable to close the form in fourteen lines. This is good enough for Petrarch and Ronsard, Shakespeare and Milton, Wordsworth and Rossetti, who, if their diction must overflow that space, take thereupon another form. If a thought which Petrarch essays should extend too far for the scope of a sonnet, he will employ it in a canzone. But the admirers of Mr. Blunt, though they may minimise the importance of art, will not contend that he is an artist.

Nor is his work inspired by ideas. It is quite possible to have poetry without thought, but the verse which is not sustained by the intellect must confine itself to short lyrical flights, and it must beware of fatiguing us by length and repetition. Mr. Blunt is a poet of the exclusively exterior class. Scenes, emotions, recollections, all passed through the medium of his own highly-coloured experience,—these limit his effects as a

writer. Hence his lengthy poems are languid and unsuccessful, because in a poem of long breath, as the French say, we absolutely require the support of what Mr. Blunt never supplies, intellect. We can hardly forgive the editors of this volume for including the long imitation of Owen Meredith called "Griselda," a society novel in rhyme which seems to us to be almost as absolutely devoid of interest as anything written by so vivid a man as Mr. Blunt can be. If it is needful to do this kind of thing—which we doubt—let it be done in the mode of a master; let Crabbe be studied, or even, in another class, M. François Coppée.

We are afraid that, in this selection from Mr. Blunt's poetry, there is still a great deal to be pared away. And the worst of it is that, with his preference for life over literature, he has never given to his work the concentrated attention which poetry demands if it is to be perennial. The poet who writes,

"I would not for a million not have seen

Fred Archer finish upon Guinevere,"

has spent too delightful an existence to join the choir invisible. We must, in candour, insist that Mr. Blunt is no more than the most delightful of amateurs, although we wish that there were a hundred more such "gentlemen who write with ease." At his best—and we perceive his best in the two sections called "The Idler's Calendar," and "The Love Sonnets of Proteus"—he reaches a vividness, a glow, a vibration, which are stimulating and delightful to a high degree. Perhaps even here the man is always more to us than the poet. But, though the loftiest and purest chords are never touched, and though in the very strictest sense it is scarcely ever poetry, it is often literature of a very stimulating, refreshing and virile order. And, above all, it represents the newest type of wholesome British Barbarian more indulgently than has ever been done before.

SIRDAR AND KHALIFA.

"Sirdar and Khalifa." By Bennet Burleigh. London: Chapman.

IT is impossible, under existing conditions, to assess this or any similar book at its proper worth. The action of the Sirdar with respect to newspaper correspondents accompanying his forces has made it difficult for the public at home to accept without reserve any story of the Soudan campaign emanating from those who have a continued interest in retaining their footing at the front. Mr. Burleigh is emphatic in praise of Sir Herbert Kitchener, of his foresight, his unflagging energy, his leaving nothing to chance, his resourcefulness and daring and unvarying success. All this may be a perfect gospel inventory of qualities, but it is impossible to forget while reading it that the writer, under the existing censorship, could only place on record any facts of an opposite character at the risk of his place for the remainder of the campaign. The inducement to silence about mishaps and to the presentation of facts with a view rather to the approval of the censor than to accuracy is very strong indeed. There may have been nothing to call for silence or distortion; but the very exercise of the press censorship, taken with the boast of the Sirdar's friends that he has his correspondents well under control, is heavy presumptive evidence to the contrary. Sir Herbert Kitchener is not the man to trouble about keeping a filter in operation to strain clear water, and the flow from every war correspondent's tap has been more than clear—it has been suspiciously translucent.

All this, of course, is not against Mr. Burleigh's narrative in particular, but against censor-approved narratives in general. They may be exact, but confidence in them is impossible under such conditions. The reservation thus forced upon the reader is especially regrettable in the case of so highly skilled an observer as Mr. Burleigh. He would probably be the first to resent the application of the literary test to his work. He is the man of action rather than of letters, and if the construction is often curious and the grammar original, we readily accept the excuse that the book is largely made up of rough notes hastily written in the heat of action and under physical conditions not specially favourable to literary nicety; and further, that his only opportunity for revision was during the rush home and back again

between the spring campaign and the advance to Omdurman. We accept the excuse all the more readily because Mr. Burleigh's narrative has its qualities to set against these defects. It is always vigorous and picturesque, and the reader who could put it down unfinished must be dull indeed. The descriptions of night marchings and alarms, of desert bivouacs in face of the enemy, of the physical difficulties and discomforts of the campaign, and the rush and vehemence of the actual fighting, are vivid and spirited, and most admirably serve their purpose of enabling the stay-at-home public to realise something of the general conditions under which our fellow-countrymen are doing their work in the Soudan. It is the most complete story yet available of the campaign down to the Atbara battle and the capture of Mahmud, and in the present state of public expectation of further news from the front will no doubt be widely read. That so graphic a piece of work should not, by reason of the Sirdar's muzzling policy, be able to command the absolute confidence of its readers is as unfair to Mr. Burleigh as it is irritating to his public.

THE POLISH ROBBERY.

"The Eastern Question in the Eighteenth Century."

Translated from the French of Albert Sorel by F. C. Bramwell, M.A. London: Methuen.

WHEN partition is, so to speak, in the air, and the vultures of Europe are hovering in the Far East ready to swoop down at the first favourable opportunity and rend the decaying Empire of the Chinese, it is both interesting and instructive to turn to M. Sorel's masterly account of the political intrigue and diplomatic cunning which led to the dismemberment of Poland in the eighteenth century. Although the methods of diplomacy have undergone great changes since the days when Frederick the Great through stratagem and dissimulation led half Europe by the nose, yet this record of national rivalry and dishonest statesmanship cannot fail to impress a wholesome lesson on those hasty critics of foreign affairs who are ready to cry "Wolf" at every move of the Government. The machinery of diplomacy is slow and often appears to move in a direction contrary to the goal of interest; and ultimate aims have even nowadays to be masked if they are to succeed. These observations, suggested by M. Sorel's essay on European intrigue, are not, of course, applicable to the present crisis in the Far East, where the failure of Lord Salisbury to secure even the shadow of an advantage has caused a very natural outburst of indignation.

In this enlightened century it is not right, but might, which ultimately decides the great issues of the world. Yet a hundred years ago, when life was held cheaper than it is to-day, and there was no philanthropic Tsar to propose universal peace, a call to arms was only resorted to when every phase of negotiation and every diplomatic subterfuge had been attempted in vain. The partition of Poland was, in fact, a stroke of statesmanship accomplished for the purpose of avoiding a general war. The Eastern question of the eighteenth century mainly concerned the three Powers who, without a shadow of justification, sacrificed Poland to their greed and ambition. It was simply a case of robbing Peter to pay Paul. Some outlet was needed to ventilate the growing antagonism between the three States. Austria and Prussia were struggling for supremacy in Germany, Russia's designs on the Ottoman Empire clashed with Austria's interests, and Catherine feared the aggrandisement of Prussia under the military genius of Frederick the Great. It was the latter who conceived the idea of making Poland the scapegoat; and the history of the manner in which he brought his scheme to realisation, from his alliance with Russia in 1764 to the Treaty of Partition in 1772, is a revelation of State trickery and political perfidy. Matched during those eight years against Kaunitz, the subtlest statesman of the day, and the unscrupulous Tsarina, Frederick of Prussia, for barefaced lying and wholesale deception, always came out an easy first. His policy was guided by his knowledge of human nature, and so accurately did he take stock of his rivals' characteristics, playing upon their weaknesses and vanities whilst concealing his

own ability, that he made them from first to last the mere puppets of his iron will.

The open-hearted cynicism displayed over the division of the spoils by the King of Prussia, who acknowledged that he and the Tsarina were no better than brigands, forms an extraordinary contrast to the snivelling hypocrisy of Austria. Maria Theresa played the part of the Walrus who, when sharing the oysters with the Carpenter, held his handkerchief to his eyes in order to cover the fact that he was sorting out the largest. "Still she wept, and still she took," remarked Frederick sarcastically, when the Empress tearfully lectured her son on his greedy ambition, and at the same time rejoiced that circumstances allowed it to be gratified. The extraordinary self-deception which Maria Theresa exercised whilst helping herself to the largest slice of the Polish cake is well illustrated in the following sentences, which she penned to Marshal Lacy a month after the Treaty of Partition had been signed at St. Petersburg: "The St. Petersburg courier has brought back the unhappy partition, signed. It is still to you that I owe this great advantage, if such it be. But what is certain is that you formed the plan and were able to demand so much, and so to procure this gain for the State, without being implicated in the question whether it was just or not." In every political emergency with which she was called upon to deal, Maria Theresa exhibited the same strange combination of conscientious scruple and grasping avarice.

In the preface which he contributes to Mr. Bramwell's excellent translation, Mr. Fletcher remarks: "M. Sorel speculates little upon the future of Poland, but that there is still a 'Polish Question' may be occasionally discovered from the separatist newspapers in Vienna." If Mr. Fletcher had any personal acquaintance with the Poles themselves he would be aware that there is scarcely a man amongst them in whose breast the wrongs of his country are not burning to-day. A century has not sufficed to crush out of the fiery Polish race the strongest national instincts and undying hate of their conquerors. They are, and always will be, the Irish of Eastern Europe. Possessed of one of the finest literatures, boasting some of the greatest names in the world of art, the Poles are never tired of asserting their pride of race and of claiming equality with the greatest Western nationalities. Polish secret societies—the terror of the Continental police—hold their meetings wherever a Polish community is to be found, and if there were the slightest chance of a successful issue—which Heaven forbid!—a Polish rising would take place to-morrow, the torch of Europe would be set ablaze, and every Pole would shed his last drop of blood for the restitution of his country's rights.

TELEGRAPHY WITHOUT WIRES.

"Wireless Telegraphy." By Richard Kerr. London: Seeley.

SINCE telegraphy without wires has become an accomplished fact public interest in it has been steadily growing. It certainly is the most important and remarkable development of Hertz's discoveries that has yet occurred. The experiments conducted by Mr. Preece between Penarth and Steep Holm, a distance of five miles across the British Channel, and the establishment of stations seventeen and a half miles apart between Swanage and the Needles, where telegraphy was successfully carried on in all weathers by Signor Marconi's method, have made the general use of wireless telegraphy only a matter of time. Mr. Kerr's small popular handbook is intelligible to any one having but the slightest acquaintance with electricity, and it gives a very fair and clear account of the present state of our knowledge of this subject, stripped as far as possible from useless complexities. The introductory pages dealing with the ether and the constitution of matter are rather bare and sadly need amplification; and there is a great deal of fulsome praise about James Bowman Lindsay, which is worse than no praise at all. Lindsay, by the way, was the first to experiment in telegraphy without wires, though on principles totally different to those in use to-day. Mr. Kerr has actually the hardihood to relate that when he saw Lindsay's handwriting in a glass case in the

Dundee Museum he removed his hat "in reverence for the memory of that poor but rich linguist of Dundee." We can imagine the spectacle presented in the auto-graph-room of the British Museum by numerous Mr. Kerrs removing equally numerous hats in reverence to the memories of the great men whose handwritings find a place there. Otherwise the book is clearly written and should be read by all who have no idea of the principles and methods involved in the sending of messages across space.

CUBA.

"Cuba Past and Present." By Richard Davey. London: Chapman.

IN the preface of his timely volume Mr. Richard Davey disarms any possibly unfriendly critic by admitting that he does not pretend to have written an authoritative text-book on Cuban matters. His book is, indeed, merely an embodiment of experiences gathered during a visit to Cuba some years ago; and we intend no unkindness when we say that his visit seems to have been as short as his plan of campaign was desultory. It is true that he has supplemented his own observation by material collected from friends who have visited the island more recently, as well as from books already published, amongst which he properly singles out for especial recognition Hazard's excellent "Cuba with Pen and Pencil." The result of his labours is a book which, bearing many evidences of hasty compilation, cannot well fail to prove of interest and profit to all those for whom Cuba was, until the recent war, merely a distant island from which, in the golden age, good cigars used to come.

Beginning with a fairly graphic account of Cuban flora and fauna, Mr. Davey proceeds with a description of the present inhabitants, and his picture is skilfully contrasted with one of the conditions of the island when it was discovered by Christopher Columbus in 1492. Little is lacking from these picturesque chapters, which supply sufficient lucid and easily assimilated information to enable the reader to grasp the main facts of the island's history. The beginnings of the rebellion are traced carefully; the gross administrative abuses in which they had their origin being frankly and fairly dealt with. Perhaps the most valuable section of the book is that which sets forth the part played by the United States in relation to the rebellion. From Jefferson to Buchanan and his successors there has seldom been wanting a President to advocate the annexation of Cuba, and in 1860 the last-named representative of American disinterestedness addressed a peremptory and bullying letter to the Spanish Government, offering to purchase the island for £40,000,000, and hinting not obscurely that a refusal to treat would be considered a *casus belli*. The offer was indignantly refused, and it is interesting to wonder what might have happened if the outbreak of the Civil War had not compelled the States Government to abandon the project for the moment. It is certainly not impossible that, had America forced on the crisis in 1860, which she so generously precipitated in 1898, the results might have been very different.

The chapters devoted to descriptions of Havana, Cienfuegos, Trinidad and Santiago are by no means uninteresting, although, judging by the style of writing, it would seem that Mr. Davey was more anxious to write an opportune book than a dignified one. There is much that is trivial and unworthy of the author of "The Sultan and his Subjects." However, the unexciting adventures recorded usually throw some light on the manners and customs of the various classes of Cuban residents, for none of whom does Mr. Davey entertain an unmixed admiration. He admits the beauty of the Cuban women, for instance, but deplores their indolence and uncleanness; and—no doubt with justice—he attributes the proverbial unhealthiness of the climate largely to the absolute disregard of the elements of sanitation everywhere displayed. Sucking-pig and aguardiente would appear to be the principal articles of diet, and indolence seems a not unnatural consequence.

To the essential book Mr. Davey has added a pleasant chapter dealing with life in the Bahamas, where he marks the noteworthy contrast between the different results upon the negro races produced by

Spanish and Anglo-Saxon rules. There is also a valuable appendix in which the most recent authoritative information is given as to the boyhood of Columbus; and a further appendix containing some equally important "Notes on some Old Papers connected with the History of the West Indies." So that altogether Mr. Davey's book, if not the best that could be written, is undeniably useful and interesting, and will serve.

FICTION.

"A Race for Millions." By David Christie Murray. London: Chatto.

"Under a Mask." By John K. Leys. London: Bentley.

"A Queen of Men." By William O'Brien. London: Unwin.

MR. Christie Murray treats the public that still loves the detective story very cavalierly in "A Race for Millions." True, that public is not very exacting, true, the manufacture of suitable detective stories calls for no great intellectual outfit, requires a degree less thought, labour, knowledge of humanity, skill in portrayal, than any other form of literature. Still even a detective story needs something more than Mr. Christie Murray has chosen to offer. With an exaggerated perfunctoriness he accompanies his intolerably professional and vulgar Inspector Prickett through ancient improbabilities that display no ingenuity, that never approach an excitement, follow no track and arrive at no discovery. We feel a certain admiring sympathy with the author who has so frankly expressed his belief that the detective story is a bore and its readers fools; but we should not recommend Mr. Christie Murray's volume to those who would be sorry to find themselves of his opinion.

"Under a Mask" is a dull, but exceptionally harmless, tale that patiently moves forward to display a rather nice underlying idea—namely, that a man who is not prevented by any abstract principle from benefiting himself by a gravely dishonourable action that hurts no one, may be not only a very commendable member of society, but capable of a remarkably honourable self-sacrifice, directly he is faced by the personal claims of another human being. The idea is better than the material in which Mr. Leys executes it, for his story never rises above the flat level of the obvious. His hero, De Lisle, satisfies himself that he wrongs no visible claimant in entering into the possession of an estate to which he has no right, and as a lord of the manor he shows himself quietly fitted for his position. But the father of the girl he comes to love is in difficulties, and she will be forced into a hateful marriage unless De Lisle comes forward to give a piece of testimony that incidentally proves him an impostor. He ruins himself entirely without hesitation, and is duly punished and rewarded three years later. The action is as ready made and clumsy as you can find in a month's reviewing. The author is unpretentious to the point of humility, and therefore not annoying; but we could have forgiven—at least we hope we should have forgiven—many bad falls if he had risen with more determination to his not altogether ordinary conception of his hero's character.

Mr. William O'Brien has a decided rhetorical gift, an emotional volubility, and he has let himself loose on a moment that can hardly be matched in history for heat and violence—the brief successes, the downfall and the savageries that followed the downfall of Sir John Perrott, the generous Deputy of Queen Gloriana in Ireland. "A Queen of Men" is, therefore, a spirited, if not distinguished, production. The spirit that does not droop throughout a long book comes, we repeat, not so much from the action of a notable story as from the author's unlimited capacity for speechifying and his joy in it. If we call this power volubility, we must to some extent remove the slur by remarking that it is the volubility of an Irishman who is easily moved, not the cold and tasteless fluency of a writer whose pen continues to run over the pages because, having nothing that needs to be said, he does not know how to leave off. We can imagine outbursts that would be more perfect expressions of Sir John Perrott's hot temper, speeches more subtly characteristic of Byngam's cynical savagery, exclamations that would reveal with more

niceness the ghastly Protestantism of his wife, and we can fancy the marvellous Queen of Connaught painted in her kaleidoscopic moods with more refinement; but Mr. O'Brien's persons are quite entertaining to watch as they are, with their characters set in spirited motion by their author's ready flow of language.

"The Town Traveller." By George Gissing. London: Methuen.

"The Town Traveller" has been conceived in a more cheerful mood than that in which the contemplation of the life of the lower middle classes usually leaves Mr. Gissing. He has hitherto been content to show us this life working itself out to squalidly tragic issues, and it would seem to indicate a not premature enlargement of his horizon that he should at last have determined to reveal the quaint humour that may well lurk under the sordid exterior of life in the Kennington Road. The gain, we think, is not the reader's alone, for Mr. Gissing here shows a suppleness and freedom which have not always been conspicuous in his work. The character of Mr. Gammon, the "town traveller," is built up with extraordinary sympathy, and Polly Sparkes, the shrewd, vulgar and ferociously virtuous girl who sells programmes at a theatre, is a masterpiece of observation. Mr. Gissing indeed is at times apt to finish his drawing too highly, to assure his reader that there is no deception with a thought too much emphasis. This is perhaps an excellent fault, and at least his characters have an excellent seeming of vitality. With the possible exception of Greenacre, who puzzles the reader as completely as he puzzled Mr. Gammon, all the people in this book are figures of amazing alertness. The plot though light is ingenious, the humour spontaneous, and the author's mental attitude towards phases of life, with which he has nothing in common, is curiously and pleasantly genial.

"The King's Jackal." By Richard Harding Davis. London: Heinemann.

It has been said of Mr. Richard Harding Davis, as it was said of some one long before, that the ignorance he displayed was so great that it must have been acquired. A perusal of his latest novel leads us to the conclusion that this criticism is not without an element of exaggeration. Mr. Davis is evidently not ignorant of the writings of Anthony Hope, and he is, we are assured, well acquainted with the literary tastes of the American school-girl. These items of knowledge, it cannot be denied, are a very valuable part of the artistic equipment of a novelist whose obvious appeal is to the class of readers which in an earlier and happier day had been amply satisfied with the glorious heroes of Ouida. In his present enterprise Mr. Davis introduces as to the exiled King of Messina, who, in the comparative safety of Tangier, is laying villainous plots for blackmailing a variety of people, chief amongst whom is Patricia Carson, a young and wealthy American girl of surprising innocence. There is a wicked adventuress known as Countess Zara; and there is a certain Prince Kalonay, drawn on the true Ouidesque lines, who is a delightful mixture of valour, vice and virtue. The young lady, however—she of America—is specially supplied with a hero after her own heart in the person of Archie Gordon, a noble journalist, who is nearly as perfect and splendid a creature as was the protagonist of "Soldiers of Fortune." How the King and Countess Zara planned an invasion; how Prince Kalonay cleared himself of the charge of treachery; how Miss Carson lent money to the King; and how Archie Gordon, in his truly heroic way, threw villainy out of the window, and brought about the triumph of virtue—all these and other equally stirring proceedings are luridly recorded in the "King's Jackal." The best thing we can say of the book is that it makes us regret that Mr. Davis, with mistaken generosity, should occasionally give up to art gifts which are so obviously meant for journalism of the American kind.

(For This Week's Books see page 388.)

The Editor cannot undertake to return rejected Communications. He must also entirely decline to enter into correspondence with writers of MSS. sent in and not acknowledged.

THIS WEEK'S BOOKS.

- SCIENCE.
Sphere of Science, The (F. S. Hoffman). Putnam's Sons. 5s.
Unconscious Mind, The (A. T. Schofield). Hodder & Stoughton. 7s. 6d.
- VERSE.
Lyra Nicotiana (edited by W. G. Hutchison). Scott. 2s.
Shropshire Lad, A (A. E. Housman). Richards. 3s. 6d.
Tramps and Troubadours (J. G. Duncan). Digby, Long. 5s.
- BIOGRAPHY.
Palmy Days of Nance Oldfield, The (E. Robins). Heinemann. 12s. 6d.
- DRAMA.
Capriccios (L. J. Block). Putnam's Sons. 5s.
Reformer of Geneva, The (C. W. Shields). Putnam's Sons. 5s.
- FOREIGN.
Madagascar (F. du Mesnil). Delagrave.
- FICTION.
An Enemy to the King (R. N. Stephens). Methuen. 6s.
At Friendly Point (G. F. Scott). Bowden. 3s. 6d.
From the East unto the West (J. Barlow). Methuen. 6s.
Journalist, The (C. F. Keary). Methuen. 6s.
Letchimey ("Sinnatamby"). Luzac. 5s.
Rogues' Paradise, The (E. Pugh and C. Gleig). Bowden. 3s. 6d.
That Headstrong Boy (E. Kent). Leadenhall Press. 6s.
Under the Rowan Tree (A. St. Aubyn). Digby, Long. 3s. 6d.
Vagaries of To-day, The (Mark Mundy). Leadenhall Press. 3s. 6d.
- MISCELLANEOUS.
Blessed are Ye (F. B. Meyer). Sunday School Union. 2s.
Coffee and Indiarubber Culture in Mexico (M. Romero). Putnam's Sons. 14s.
Confessions of Saint Augustine, The (edited by A. Symons). Scott. 1s. 6d.
Glimpses of England (M. C. Tyler). Putnam's Sons. 5s.
Indian Sketches (S. K. Ghose). Ghose.
Jewish Religious Life after the Exile (T. K. Cheyne). Putnam's Sons. 6s.
Ovid, The Works of (3 vols.). Bell.
Principles of Successive Literature, The (G. H. Lewes). Scott. 1s. 6d.
Philosophy of Government, The (G. W. Walthew). Putnam's Sons. 5s.
Standard of Life, The (Mrs. B. Bosanquet). Macmillan. 3s. 6d.
Studies in Texts (J. Parker) (Vol. II.). Marshall. 3s. 6d.
Wells: the Cathedral and See (P. Dearmer). Bell.
- TRANSLATIONS.
Anglo-Saxon Superiority (E. Demolins). Leadenhall Press. 3s. 6d.
Greco-Turkish War of 1897, The (P. Bolton). Sonnenschein. 5s.
Princess Ilse, The (A. M. Deane). Leadenhall Press. 2s. 6d.
Reflections of a Russian Statesman (R. C. Long). Richards. 6s.
Socialism (W. Sombart). Putnam's Sons. 5s.
- REPRINTS.
Forty-one Years in India (Lord Roberts). Macmillan. 10s.
Industrial Remuneration, Methods of (D. F. Schloss). Williams & Norgate.
Not Like other Girls (R. N. Carey). Macmillan. 3s. 6d.
Pirate, The (Scott) (2 vols.). Dent. 1s. 6d. each.
Rubāiyāt of Omar Khayyām (edited by N. H. Dole) (2 vols.). Page. 24s.

ST. ERMIN'S WESTMINSTER.
ST. ERMIN'S High-Class Residential Hotel.
ST. ERMIN'S Handsomely Furnished Suites or Single Chambers.
ST. ERMIN'S Luxury and Home Comforts.
ST. ERMIN'S Moderate Charges.

UNEXCELLED CUISINE.

TABLE D'HOTE, 3/- & 5/- at Separate Tables, a Speciality.

TELEPHONE NUMBERS—181 of 276 WESTMINSTER.

TELEGRAPHIC ADDRESS: "UNPARALLELED, LONDON."

MEDOC—VIN ORDINAIRE.
Pure BORDEAUX, an excellent light Dinner Wine. The quality of this wine will be found equal to wine usually sold at much higher prices.
Per Dozen. 14s. 8s.
Bots. 4-Bots.

ST. ESTEPHE
SUPERIOR DINNER WINE old in bottle. On comparison it will be found very superior to wine usually sold at higher prices. The appreciation this wine meets with from the constantly increasing number of customers it procures us in London and the Provinces, gives us additional confidence in submitting it to those who like pure Bordeaux wine.
17s. 9s. 6d.

3 Dozen Bottles or 6 Dozen Pints Delivered Carriage Paid to any Railway Station, including Cases and Bottles.
All who know these Wines tell us there is no Claret sold in Great Britain to equal them in value.
General Price List Free by Post.

JAMES SMITH & COMPANY,
WINE MERCHANTS,
LIVERPOOL: 37 North John St. MANCHESTER: 26 Market St.
388

EMPIRE THEATRE.—EVERY EVENING, NEW BALLET: THE PRESS. GRAND VARIETY ENTERTAINMENT.
Doors open at 7.45.

QUEEN'S HALL.
PROMENADE CONCERTS, TO-NIGHT AND EVERY NIGHT at 8. Conductor, Mr. HENRY J. WOOD. The QUEEN'S HALL ORCHESTRA. Eminent Solo Artists. Smoking permitted.

INTERNATIONAL UNIVERSAL EXHIBITION,
EARL'S COURT, West Brompton, and West Kensington.
DIRECTOR-GENERAL, IMRE KIRALFY.
Admission Daily, 1s. ... Open Eleven a.m. to Eleven p.m.
ACRES OF AMUSEMENT UNDER COVER.
The CHAMOUNIX MINSTRELS and other Attractions. Free.

EMPRESS THEATRE. At 3.30 and 8.30 p.m.
GRAND PATRIOTIC NAVAL SPECTACLE.
EVERY ENGLISHMAN MUST SEE IT.
REAL BOMBARDMENT OF FORTS BY MODEL MEN-OF-WAR.
PEACE BY DAY, WAR BY NIGHT.
Thousands of Reserved Seats, 6/-, 1s., 2s., and 3s.
Mdlle Marguerite's Performing Lions, Imperial Japanese Troupe, Feszy's Grand Panorama, Moorish Camp, Hagenbeck's Zoological Kindergarten. Viograph. Electric Theatre.
GREAT WHEEL. 300 FEET HIGH.
GRAND MILITARY AND OTHER CONCERTS DAILY.
BAND OF THE GRENADIER GUARDS.
BAND OF THE HON. ARTILLERY COMPANY.
THE LONDON EXHIBITIONS' ORCHESTRAL BAND.

BOUND VOLUMES OF THE "SATURDAY REVIEW"
(HALF-YEARLY), 1861-1874 INCLUSIVE.
OFFERS WANTED
ADDRESS CANON LEWIS, ST. ANN'S VICARAGE, NOTTINGHAM.

RADLEY COLLEGE.—TEN Scholarships and Exhibitions,
varying from £80 to £50 in value, will be offered for Competition on WEDNESDAY, JULY 13.
One Scholarship and One Exhibition will be offered in the first instance for Boys intended for the ARMY CLASS.
Apply to the WARDEN, RADLEY COLLEGE, ABINGDON.

WHILE you can obtain the drink par excellence. Lemonade
with a dash of Pernod fils Absinthe. A delightful beverage. To be had at all first-class Hotels, Restaurants, and Bars.

ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S HOSPITAL AND COLLEGE.
PRELIMINARY SCIENTIFIC CLASS.—Systematic Courses of Lectures and Laboratory Work in the subjects of the Preliminary Scientific and Intermediate B.Sc. Examinations of the University of London will commence on October 3, and continue till July, 1899.
Fee for the whole course, £21, or £18 18s. to Students of the Hospital; or single subjects may be taken.
There is a Special Class for the January Examination.
For further particulars apply to the Warden of the College, St. Bartholomew's Hospital, London, E.C.
A Handbook forwarded on application.

KING'S COLLEGE, LONDON.
STUDENTS in ARTS and SCIENCE, Engineering, Architecture, and Applied Sciences, Medicine, and other Branches of Education will be ADMITTED for the NEXT TERM on TUESDAY, 4 OCTOBER. Evening Classes commence on Thursday, 6 October.
Students are classed on entrance according to their proficiency, and terminal reports of the progress and conduct of matriculated students are sent to their parents and guardians. There are Entrance Scholarships and Exhibitions.
Students who are desirous of studying any particular subject or subjects, without attending the complete course of the various faculties, can be admitted as non-matriculated students on payment of the separate fees for such classes as they select.
There are a few vacancies for resident students.
The College has an entrance both from the Strand and from the Thames Embankment, close to the Temple Station.
For prospectus and all information apply to
THE SECRETARY, King's College, London, W.C.

ORIENT COMPANY'S PLEASURE CRUISE
By their Steamship "LUSITANIA," 3912 tons register:—
To the MEDITERRANEAN and the BLACK SEA, leaving London 20 September, and visiting TANGIER, VILLEFRANCHE (for Nice, &c.), PALERMO, CONSTANTINOPLE, SEBASTOPOL, BALAKAVA, YALTA (for Livadia), BATUM (for Tiflis), PIREUS (for Athens), CANEA (Crete), MALTA, ALGIERS, GIBRALTAR.
Arriving at PLYMOUTH 7 November, and LONDON 8 November.
Passengers leaving London on 29 September, and travelling overland can overtake the steamer at Villefranche.
String Band. Electric Light. High-class cuisine.
Managers: F. GREEN & CO. Head Offices:
ANDERSON, ANDERSON & CO. Fenchurch Avenue.
For passage apply to the latter firm, at 5 Fenchurch Avenue, E.C., or to the West End Branch Office, 16 Cockspur Street, S.W.

AUSTRALIA, NEW ZEALAND, TASMANIA.
ORIENT LINE ROYAL MAIL STEAMERS
LEAVE LONDON EVERY ALTERNATE FRIDAY
for the above COLONIES, calling at PLYMOUTH, GIBRALTAR, MARSEILLES, NAPLES, SUEZ, and COLOMBO.
Managers: F. GREEN & CO. Head Offices:
ANDERSON, ANDERSON & CO. Fenchurch Avenue, London.
For passage apply to the latter firm at 5 Fenchurch Avenue, E.C., or to the Branch Office, 16 Cockspur Street, Charing Cross, S.W.

H. SOTHERAN & CO.
BOOKSELLERS, BOOKBINDERS, & PUBLISHERS.
GENERAL AGENTS FOR PRIVATE BOOKBUYERS AND PUBLIC INSTITUTIONS IN INDIA, THE COLONIES, AMERICA, AND ABROAD.
A Monthly Catalogue; Specimen Number post free.
LIBRARIES PURCHASED OR VALUED AND CATALOGUED AND ARRANGED.
Telegraphic Address: "BOOKMEN, LONDON." Code: UNICODS.
140 STRAND, W.C., and 37 PICCADILLY, W., LONDON.

GENEVA.
GRAND HOTEL DE LA PAIX.

First class. 200 Rooms.
Best situated, in front of lake and Mount Blanc.
FRED. WEBER, *Managing Proprietor.*

**HOTEL DE PUYS,
DIEPPE.**

This magnificent Hotel, facing the sea, is furnished, fitted, and managed as an English country house.
Modern Sanitation, Artesian Well, Electric Light, English Billiards, Good Cycling, Lovely Country.

STANDARD BANK OF SOUTH AFRICA, Ltd.

(Bankers to the Government of the Cape of Good Hope).
Head Office, 10 Clement's Lane, Lombard Street, London, E.C., and 90 branches in South Africa.

Subscribed Capital £4,000,000.
Paid-up Capital £1,000,000.
Reserve Fund £800,000.
This Bank grants drafts on, and transacts every description banking business with, the principal towns in Cape Colony, Natal, South African Republic, Orange Free State, Rhodesia, and East Africa. Telegraphic remittances made. Deposits received for fixed periods. Terms on application. J. CHUNLEY, London Manager.

"Tis not in mortals to command success,
But he comes nearest who knows how to dress."

FASHIONABLE DRESS for THE SEASON.

THE BEST MATERIALS.
THE BEST STYLE.
THE BEST FIT.

33 PER CENT. under West-end Prices.

"I have never had such value as you give" (*Testimonial*).

C. M. GULLIVER,

FROM POOLE'S,

1 BOW CHURCH YARD, CHEAPSIDE.

ST. MARK'S HOSPITAL,

FOR FISTULA

AND OTHER

DISEASES OF THE RECTUM,

CITY ROAD, E.C.

FOUNDED 1835.

The only entirely Free special Hospital devoted to the treatment of these painful and distressing diseases.

**FUNDS URGENTLY NEEDED TO OPEN
THE CLOSED WARDS.**

PATIENTS WAITING FOR ADMISSION.

Treasurer:

RICHARD BIDDULPH MARTIN, Esq., M.P.

EDGAR PENMAN, Secretary.

THE WORLD'S BEST BICYCLE!

THE
Cleveland

£12 12 0 | £15 15 0 | £21 0 0

Art Catalogue on Application.

THE LOZIER-BRIGHAM, Ltd.,
24, 25, 26, 27 Orchard Street, London, W.

BEESTON CYCLES

"UNDOUBTEDLY TAKE THE PALM."



The Cyclist, Stanley Show Report,
Nov. 24, 1897.

GENUINE BEESTON CYCLES
are made only by the

BEESTON CYCLE CO., Ltd.
Quinton Works, Coventry.

Illustrated Catalogue Post Free.

**VALKYRIE
CYCLES.**

HIGH GRADE ONLY.

The Springfield Cycle Co., Ltd., Sandiacre, near Nottingham.
DUNLOP TYRES.

ROYAL ALBERT ORPHAN ASYLUM

BAGSHOT. (Founded 1864.)

PATRON - - HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN.

For Necessitous Boys and Girls from all parts of the
United Kingdom.

**30 BEDS ARE VACANT
FOR WANT OF FUNDS.**

There is no canvassing for Votes. Help is urgently
appealed for.

Alderman Sir REGINALD HANSON, Bart., M.P., *Treasurer.*

Col. Hon. CHAS. ELIOT.

Mr. W. H. TATUM, *Secretary.*

Offices: 62 King William Street, E.C. BANKERS: LLOYD'S BANK.



FRIENDLESS & FALLEN

**London Female Preventive and
Reformatory Institution.**

OFFICE: 200 EUSTON ROAD, N.W.

THE OPERATIONS COMPRISE
**PREVENTIVE WORK, RESCUE HOMES, and
OPEN ALL-NIGHT REFUGE.**

ABOUT 180 inmates can be provided for. No suitable case rejected.
Prompt succour afforded, day or night. The inmates are fed,
clothed, housed, instructed, and finally placed out in respectable
domestic service, or otherwise suitably provided for.

This Charity has a strong claim upon the sympathy and support of
Christian men and women on account of the helpless and forlorn con-
dition of friendless and fallen young women and girls.

BANKERS: LLOYDS BANK, LTD., 15 ST. JAMES'S STREET, S.W.

WILLIAM J. TAYLOR, *Secretary.*

200 Euston Road, London, N.W.

The Hospital for Sick Children,

GREAT ORMOND STREET, W.C.

SPECIAL APPEAL for £30,000

THE Committee have been forced to purchase the adjoining Hospital of St. John and St. Elizabeth for the reasons stated below.

They appeal for immediate help in completing the sum of £10,000.

This sum of £10,000 has been paid as the first instalment of the purchase money, and the Committee have been obliged to borrow £5,000 for this purpose.

REASONS FOR THE ABOVE APPEAL.

1. Because our neighbours were going to build a new Hospital which would have most gravely affected the light and air of the Hospital for Sick Children.
2. Because it is absolutely necessary to improve the accommodation for our Nurses.
3. Because this purchase will provide 40 Nurses with a bedroom each.
4. Because this extra accommodation will enable the Committee to open a Whooping Cough Ward, with 16 Beds, which is an urgent necessity.
5. Because this purchase has given us a Garden of about half an acre, in which the Children can enjoy that air and sunshine which child life so specially needs when in Hospital.

Cheques and Postal Orders will be gladly received and acknowledged by

ADRIAN HOPE, Secretary.

Her Majesty the Queen has been the Patron of this Institution for 50 Years.

ROYAL HOSPITAL FOR Diseases of the Chest,

CITY ROAD, LONDON, E.C.

President—THE LORD ROTHSCHILD.

Treasurer—S. HOPE MORLEY, Esq.

Chairman of the Council—SIR THOMAS DE LA RUE, BART.

Vice-Chairman—THE HON. LIONEL ASHLEY.

THIS Hospital was the first of its kind established in Europe, and has uninterruptedly since 1814 carried on its great work in the midst of the suffering poor of the metropolis.

It treats annually about 750 IN-PATIENTS, who come from all parts of the country, and the ATTENDANCES OF OUT-PATIENTS EACH YEAR NUMBER ABOUT 25,000.

The Charity's Income from all sources does not exceed £3000, whereas its ANNUAL EXPENDITURE averages £8000, leaving an ANNUAL DEFICIT OF £5000.

DONATIONS AND SUBSCRIPTIONS are earnestly solicited, and may be sent direct to the Treasurer, or to the

Secretary, JOHN HARROLD.

HOSPITAL FOR CONSUMPTION AND DISEASES OF THE CHEST, BROMPTON.

PATRON.

Her Most Gracious Majesty the Queen.

THE HOSPITAL contains 321 Beds, and in 1897 received 1681 In-patients—13,098 Out-patients were also treated.

The yearly requirements of the Hospital cannot be estimated at less than £25,000 a year.

Further, it has been decided, upon the unanimous and urgent advice of the Medical staff, to establish a

Country Branch and Convalescent Home,

and it is estimated that £20,000 will be needed to inaugurate this new departure.

The Charity, being UNENDOWED, is dependent on Donations, Annual Subscriptions, and Legacies, CONTRIBUTIONS are therefore earnestly solicited in aid of both objects.

Treasurer—W. S. DEACON, Esq.

Bankers.

Messrs. WILLIAMS, DEACON & Co.

MANCHESTER AND SALFORD BANK, Ltd., 20 Birchin Lane.

Secretary—WILLIAM H. THEOBALD.

THE CROWN REEF GOLD MINING CO.,

LIMITED,
JOHANNESBURG, SOUTH AFRICAN REPUBLIC.

CAPITAL - - - £120,000.

Directorate:

W. H. ROGERS, *Chairman.*

R. O. GODFRAY LYS, *Managing Director.* A. GOERZ (Alternate, H. Strakosch.)
(Alternate, C. L. Redwood.) C. D. RUDD Major H. L. Sapte.
J. W. S. LANGERMAN (Alternate, N. J. C. S. GOLDMANN
F. ROBINOW. Scholtz.) (Alternate, J. G. Hamilton.)

London Committee:

CHAS. RUBE.
JOHN ELLIOTT.

S. NEUMANN.

Secretary:

H. R. NETHERSOLE.

London Secretary:

A. MOIR.

HEAD OFFICE: CROWN REEF, JOHANNESBURG, S.A.R.

LONDON TRANSFER OFFICE: 120 BISHOPSGATE STREET WITHIN, E.C.

DIRECTORS' MONTHLY REPORT

on the working operations of the Company for July, 1898, which shows a Total Profit of £21,980 1s. 4d. :-

EXPENDITURE AND REVENUE.

120 Stamp Mill and Cyanide Works - - 17,327 Tons Milled.

EXPENDITURE.

To Mining Expenses ...	£10,966	5	8
" Drifting and Winzes ...	1,370	7	6
" Crushing and Sorting ...	668	9	2
" Transport " ...	353	1	4
" Milling " ...	2,575	8	7
" Cyanide " ...	1,888	5	5
" Slimes " ...	598	10	4
" General Charges ...	2,401	18	10
	£20,822	6	10
" Profit for Month ...	21,980	1	4
	£42,802	8	2

REVENUE.

By Gold Accounts—			
6,495'389 fine ozs. from 120 Stamp Mill ...	£27,365	13	2
3,388'980 fine ozs. from 120 Stamp Cy. Works ...	14,269	18	2
275'798 fine ozs. from 120 Stamp Slimes Works ...	1,166	16	10
	£42,802	8	2
10,158'367 ozs.			

The Tonnage mined for month was 18,682 tons, cost ... 10,682 5 4
Drifts and Winzes Expenses " ... 1,370 7 6

Add quantity taken from stock 18,682 tons 12,052 12 10
1,809 " 284 0 4

Less waste sorted out 20,491 " 12,336 13 2
3,104 " £12,336 13 2

The declared output was 11,918'00 ozs. bullion = 10,158'367 ozs. fine gold.

And the total yield per ton of fine gold on the Milled Tonnage basis was—11'725 dwts.

GENERAL.

The following are the particulars of the lineal Development work done for the month:—

7TH LEVEL—			ft.
Driving on Main Reef Leader, East and West ...			19
8TH LEVEL—			
Driving on South Reef, East and West ...			137
Driving on Main Reef Leader, East and West ...			84
Sinking Winzes ...			52
9TH LEVEL—			
Driving on South Reef, East and West ...			29
Driving on Main Reef Leader, East and West ...			33
Sinking Winzes ...			73
			447

The tonnage of ore exposed by the above works amounts to 21,000 tons.
During the month 3,164 tons of waste rock were sorted out from the tonnage mined. The waste rock was of an average assay value of 23 grs. per ton. The rock sorted was equivalent to 15'440 per cent. of the total rock handled.

H. R. NETHERSOLE, *Secretary.*

Head Office, Johannesburg, August 6th, 1898.

CROWN REEF GOLD MINING CO., Ltd.**DECLARATION OF DIVIDEND NO. 21.**

NOTICE is hereby given that a DIVIDEND OF NINETY PER CENT. (being at the rate of 180 per cent. per annum) has been declared by the BOARD, for the Half Year ending 30 September, 1898, payable to Shareholders registered in the Books of the Company, at the close of business at 4 p.m. on TUESDAY, 27 September, 1898, and to HOLDERS OF COUPON No. 9 attached to SHARE WARRANTS TO BEARER.

The Transfer Registers will be closed from 28 SEPTEMBER to 4 OCTOBER, both days inclusive. The WARRANTS will be despatched to registered European Shareholders from the London Office as soon as possible after receipt of final returns from Johannesburg, and will probably be in the hands of Shareholders about 1 NOVEMBER.

ANDREW MOIR, *London Secretary.*

London Office: 120 Bishopsgate Street Within, E.C.

14 September, 1898.

NEW PRIMROSE GOLD MINING CO., Ltd.**DIVIDEND No. 16.****DIVIDEND ON SHARES TO BEARER.**

HOLDERS of share warrants to bearer are informed that they will receive payment of the dividend No. 16 (5s. per share less income tax) on presentation of coupon No. 6 at the London Offices of the Company, Nos. 10 and 11 Austin Friars, E.C.

Coupons must be left four clear days for examination, and may be presented any day after 30 August, 1898, between the hours of 11 a.m. and 3 p.m., Saturdays excepted. Listing forms may be had on application.

By Order,

JOHANNESBURG CONSOLIDATED INVESTMENT CO., LTD.

T. HONEY, *Secretary.*

10 and 11 Austin Friars, London, E.C.,

30 August, 1898.

NOURSE DEEP, LIMITED.

CAPITAL - - - £450,000

Directorate:

G. ROULIOT, *Chairman.*

(Alternate, J. P. FITZPATRICK, *Acting Chairman.*)

F. ECKSTEIN.

W. T. GRAHAM.

A. T. SCHMIDT.

SAMUEL EVANS.

London Committee:

C. RUBE.

M. MICHAELIS, *Alternate* L. WAGNER.

H. ZOEPRITZ, *Alternate* T. J. MILNER.

General Manager:

G. E. WEBBER.

Secretary:

F. RALEIGH.

Manager at Mine.

G. A. GOODWIN.

London Secretary:

A. MOIR.

HEAD OFFICE: 47 ECKSTEIN'S BUILDINGS, JOHANNESBURG.

LONDON OFFICE: 120 BISHOPSGATE STREET WITHIN, E.C.

DIRECTORS' QUARTERLY REPORT

on the working operations of the Company for the Three Months ending 31 July, 1898, which show a Total Profit of £14,069 os. 9d.

MINE.

Number of feet Driven, Sunk, and Risen, exclusive of Stopes ...	1,921½ feet.
Ore Developed ...	35,369 tons.
Ore Mined ...	27,918 tons.
Ore taken from Surface dumps ...	550 "
	28,468 "
Less Waste sorted out (19'976 per cent.) ...	5,687 "
	22,781 tons.

MILL.

Tons Delivered ...	22,781 tons.
Add taken from Stock in Mill Bins ...	300 "
Tons Crushed ...	23,081 tons.
Number of days (24 hours) working an average of 60 Stamps ...	88 days.
Tons Crushed per Stamp per 24 hours ...	4'371 tons.
Tons in Mill Bins on 31 July, 1898 ...	50 tons.
Yield in Fine Gold ...	6,874'682 ozs.
Yield per ton in Fine Gold ...	5'957 dwts.

CYANIDE WORKS.**SANDS AND CONCENTRATES.**

Tons Sands and Concentrates treated (equal to 72'072 per cent. of the tonnage milled) ...	16,635 tons.
Yield in Fine Gold ...	5,018'956 ozs.
Yield in Fine Gold per ton treated ...	6'034 dwts.
Yield in Fine Gold per ton on tonnage milled basis ...	4'348 dwts.

SLIMES.

Tons Slimes treated (equal to 25'137 per cent. of the tonnage milled) ...	5,802 tons.
Yield in Fine Gold ...	517'573 ozs.
Yield in Fine Gold per ton treated ...	1'784 dwts.
Yield in Fine Gold per ton on tonnage milled basis ...	'448 dwts.

TOTAL YIELD.

Total Yield in Fine Gold from all sources ...	12,411'211 ozs.
Total Yield in Fine Gold per ton on tonnage milled basis ...	10'754 dwts.
Total Yield in Bullion Gold from all sources ...	14,611'224 ozs.

WORKING EXPENDITURE AND REVENUE.**On a basis of 23,081 tons milled.**

To Mining Expenses ...	£23,657	11	3
" Milling Expenses ...	4,629	15	11
" Cyaniding Expenses ...	4,590	0	2
" General Expenses ...	3,209	13	11
" Head Office Expenses ...	1,009	11	2
	£37,096	13	5
" Profit ...	14,069	0	9
	£51,165	13	2

By Gold Account—			
" Mill ...	£28,480	17	8
" Cyanide Works ...	22,684	15	6
	£51,165	13	2

GENERAL.

The Capital Expenditure for the period under review has amounted to £25,162 6s. 2d.

By Order of the Board.

HEAD OFFICE, JOHANNESBURG,

August, 1898.

F. RALEIGH, *Secretary.*

LOCKWOOD AND CO.

STOCK and MINING SHARE DEALERS,

3 THROGMORTON AVENUE, LONDON, E.C.

ESTABLISHED 1886.

SOUTH AFRICAN MINING and LAND SHARES.

WEST AUSTRALIAN MINING SHARES.

NEW ZEALAND MINING SHARES.

INDIAN MINING SHARES.

MISCELLANEOUS MINING SHARES.

Business in the above Shares for the Fortnightly Stock Exchange Settlements, or for One, Two, or Three Months Forward Delivery.

Terms of Business and Full Particulars on Application.

OUR MINING REVIEW and BAROMETER (fourth year of publication). This well-known Report appears weekly in the leading financial daily papers, and contains a comprehensive summary and careful forecast of the Mining Market.

DAILY MINING LIST, with closing prices of all active Shares.

WEEKLY MINING LIST, comprising a quantity of valuable information respecting Dividends, Calls, Mining Results, New Issues, &c. &c.

THE ABOVE PUBLICATIONS POST FREE.

